

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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William Travers Jerome.

From a photograph made expressly for AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, by W. M. Vander Weyde.

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII.

No. 6

JEROME—THE POLITICIAN MILITANT

By WALTER L. HAWLEY

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, who was elected District Attorney of New York County on an anti-Tammany ticket, made a national reputation in two weeks as the advance representative of a new type of politician, or of a new type of man in practical politics. Shortly after his election the writer asked him if he would talk of his plans for the future, the policy he would follow in the important office of District Attorney, or of his political ambition. For a moment he was silent and serious. Then a merry twinkle dawned in his keen gray eyes and he said: "When I first entered politics a relative said to me, 'When a man holds a public office he should act as if he never expected to hold another.' That has been my creed in politics and public life. It is still my policy, and the man who lives up to that has no time to think of what the future may have in store for him. I do not expect to be President of the United States. If I had had that ambition in mind, I might not; but that is another story. During my term of office I shall be just District Attorney without a thought of what may come after that."

Those who have followed the public career of Justice Jerome will agree that he has lived up to his creed, to act in public office as if he never expected to hold another office, and certainly according to all the theories and traditions of politics the chances of his holding another were all against him when he went out with an ax and broke into gambling houses to serve his own warrants. If the old creeds of practical politics had been infallible the chances were still against him when he went on the stump in a close and important political campaign and said things never said before by any other candidate, and then, when warned to be more politic, repeated and elaborated the dis-

turbing statements. His campaign methods were new to modern politics, and the people liked the change. He made an independent campaign along new lines and won. His methods and his success combined made him a picturesque figure in politics and in public life.

William Travers Jerome entered politics and public life with the handicap of a great name and high social position. The system of practical politics that has long prevailed in our large cities marks the man of wealth and the man of gentle birth and breeding as victims to be deceived and imposed upon. So Jerome studied the game before he began to play it. He refused to be a victim, and was never popular with the leaders of "practical" ways, but by energy, ability and audacity he won in spite of them. He has demonstrated that the man of birth and breeding may beat the politicians at their own game and benefit the community by the play. Jerome has been often compared to Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States. The comparison neither pleases nor flatters Jerome. The two are alike only in their sterling personal and political honesty and in their unflinching personal courage. They have both sought in their own way to better political and civic conditions in New York City, but where Roosevelt, standing afar, commanded the masses to be bold and honest and vote right, Jerome went down into the slums and explained to the poor and the ignorant the profit and loss of the transaction, and they voted with Jerome. He told the truth in politics, and told it in a way that enabled the plain people to know it was the truth.

By birth, environment and tradition, William Travers Jerome should have been an orchid in the hot-house of civic affairs rather than a storm-defying daisy in the

field of practical politics. He is the son and nephew respectively of two of New York's most famous citizens. His father was Lawrence W. Jerome, broker, banker, promoter, politician, patron of sports, after-dinner speaker, practical joker, patron of art and literature, millionaire and prince of good

infancy and boyhood and youth William Travers Jerome was physically delicate.

He could not stand the rough and tumble of schools, and was taught by a private tutor until he entered Amherst College. There his health failed, and he was compelled to retire at the end of three years



A FAMOUS RUNAWAY.

From a cartoon by C. G. Bush, by courtesy of the New York World.

fellows. His uncle, Leonard Jerome, was the first man to make a great fortune by daring speculation in Wall Street. He, too, was a patron of the sports of gentlemen and built the famous Jerome Park race track. The youngest daughter of Leonard Jerome, Jennie, a first cousin of the District Attorney-elect, became Lady Randolph Churchill, of whom Gladstone once said that she could win more votes than any campaign orator in England.

Lawrence Jerome and William R. Travers were boon companions, and it is related that they were eating supper together in Delmonico's one night forty-three years ago when a messenger came in and handed a note to Jerome which announced that another son had been born to him.

"What's the duffer's name?" stammered Travers when he heard the news.

"William Travers Jerome!" the happy father answered, and that was the first christening of the boy who was destined to shed new luster on the family name. In

without taking a degree. But the Jerome blood was in his veins, the Jerome pluck in his heart. He spent much time in the open air, took exercise and built up his physical strength and development. As soon as he was strong enough he entered the Columbia College Law School and graduated from there in 1884. After he had been admitted to the bar he traveled abroad and continued his studies and reading, because clients did not rush to his office fast enough to employ all his time. In 1888, four years after his admission to the bar, Mr. Jerome was appointed an Assistant District Attorney. That was his first public office. His assignments, as a rule, were to unimportant cases, but he studied them so thoroughly and won so many of them that he commanded attention. Two years later he took an active part in politics, supporting the ticket of the Municipal League, an organization opposing Tammany. In that campaign he was on the losing side. Tammany won, and he lost his place in the District Attorney's office.

His next prominent appearance before the public was as counsel for Carlyle Harris, in the famous murder trial in which the young medical student was charged with the murder of his girl wife. In order to be able to try that case Jerome mastered the science of chemistry, and the knowledge of poisons and their effect that he displayed during that trial astounded his friends in the legal profession. His next prominent appearance was as assistant counsel to the Lexow Committee, which was the first to expose the close relations existing between the New York police and the agents of vice and crime. The senior counsel to that committee kept the center of the stage so much that the valuable work of Jerome in sifting the mass of volunteer witnesses was almost completely unknown. While that investigation was still pending the young lawyer found time to take an active and most important part in the campaign against Tammany that was conducted by the Committee of Seventy. Knowledge gained through his work for the investigating committee enabled him to direct the batteries of the anti-Tammany forces where they would do the most good.

Colonel W. L. Strong, who was elected Mayor as a result of the campaign of 1894, had watched the work of Jerome closely and became a great admirer of the energetic young lawyer.

"Watch that young fellow! He's got the right stuff in him," was a tribute that Mayor Strong repeated perhaps a hundred times as he talked to his friends of Jerome. He appointed the young lawyer a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions. On the bench Jerome was not lost or buried alive. From the outset he commanded attention by the earnest and intelligent way in which he tried to get at the truth in the trial of cases. "The meanest coward on earth is the coward who lies!" is one of the epigrams that Justice Jerome one day hurled at a witness in his court. It is related that the offending witness promptly changed his testimony and told the truth.

In the work by which he earned the sobriquet of "The Judge with the ax," Justice Jerome first demonstrated to the public that he was living up to his political creed of acting in office as if he never expected to hold another office. Two committees of private citizens were investigating conditions on the East Side, and a part of their task was to establish, if possible, the fact that the police protected vice and crime. The work was difficult, but a combination of

circumstances developed the fact that deplorable conditions existed, and that it was well-nigh impossible to get the police to act on the complaint of citizens. It was also made clear by circumstantial evidence that when warrants for the arrest of certain classes of criminals were placed in the hands



Photo by Vander Weide.

of the police the persons to be arrested received warning in time to get out of the way. Justice Jerome issued some warrants for the arrest of gamblers and keepers of dives, and then to make sure that no advance information leaked out he went along with the warrants, the police and private detectives, and helped to capture the offenders. This was a new departure for a man occupying a judicial position. It aroused a storm of criticism and protest, but the Justice kept on, and in some cases assisted in the work of breaking down doors. He held court in police stations and accepted bail there. He shattered traditions and conventions at every move, but he got the men for whom he had issued warrants. Later it was charged against him that his spectacular



"Chinkey."

William Travers Jerome, Jr.

raids accomplished no permanent reform, but at the same time it was admitted that he had established the fact of close and confidential relations between the police and the lawbreakers of the city.

When representatives of the anti-Tammany forces in the city met in conference to select candidates for office, Justice Jerome was the unanimous choice for the office of District Attorney. He did not seek the nomination, but his peculiar qualifications were so apparent there was practically no opposition to his selection. He had served in the office as an assistant and knew the routine. He was fearless and independent. When his nomination was announced many old-time politicians shook their heads and said it was a mistake. They said Jerome was erratic and could not be elected. It was true that he had done some things out of the routine way, but he had done things, he had obtained results.

As if he meant to furnish proof of the charge of being erratic, or, at least, unconventional, Justice Jerome opened his campaign in a novel way. He did not go near any of the regular headquarters of the organizations supporting him, and refused all advice and assistance from party leaders.

Opening headquarters in rooms over a saloon far down-town, he proceeded to campaign according to his own ideas, and in three days he became the chief figure of the fight against Tammany. Casting to the winds political discretion and precedent, he went out and talked to the people as man to man. He denounced political bosses of all parties and called them by name. On the East Side he convinced the men of that crowded and peculiar section of the city that he knew their life, their wrongs and their hopes. He did not ask for the German vote or the Jew vote. He appealed to them as honest American citizens, Americans all without regard to race or creed. He told them truths in words they could understand, and he did not mince or choose language in the telling. If he promised to do something in the event of his election his words rang true, and men knew that he was telling what he would do and not making idle campaign promises. He said at the outset, "The issue of this campaign against Tammany is, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" He stuck to that issue, and in a week it was the battle cry of the anti-Tammany forces. Jerome called names. He denounced the bosses of both parties. He said: "I call them thieves and blackmailers

individually and collectively. If they are innocent why don't they do something about it?"

In one of his first speeches he said, "I am here to fight, and if I get into the District Attorney's office I shall follow the trails that lead higher up."

The politicians were aghast. They said Jerome was making breaks and that he would wreck the ticket. They went to him, advised and pleaded that he modify his language. He laughed at them, and in his next speeches used stronger language. One day he went up-town and spoke to an audience of women—women of wealth and fashion who really wanted to do something to help the anti-Tammany campaign. They had planned to go down into the tenement house districts and talk to men and women. Jerome told them to keep away. He lectured them in a way that was new to them,

almost startling. He told them they did not understand the people below Fourteenth Street, and if they went down there they would do more harm than good. He told them to collect money if they wanted to help in the fight for good government. His lecture to these women was the sensation of the day, but it took effect. The women were impressed by the sincerity of the man. They listened, believed, kept north of Fourteenth Street and raised money. While the politicians of the fusion movement were trying to explain and excuse Jerome the voters in all sections of the city were fighting and struggling like madmen for a chance to hear him speak. Hundreds followed him from meeting to meeting, and great crowds ran after him in the streets.

While the betting against his election was four to one, and all the batteries of Tammany were aimed at him, opposition speakers



Vander Weyde photo.

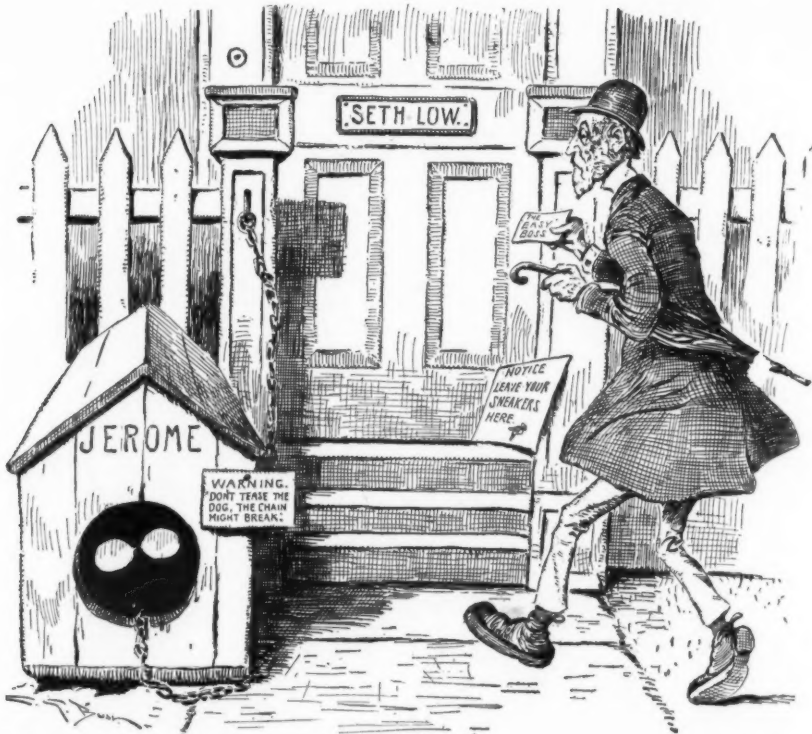
who attempted to ridicule him were hissed in Tammany meetings. In his own way he had reached the hearts of the people and won them. For years the voters of New York had been looking for a man who was free and independent of politics and politicians. They wanted a chance to honor a man who had the courage of his convictions. In Jerome they found the man they were looking for, and they elected him in the face of the most bitter and determined fight ever made against a candidate for public office.

Jerome, the man, scarcely looks the part of the politician militant. He is forty-three years old and looks younger. He is of good height, but slender. His face is rather thin and narrow. It is the face of the student, the man of intellect, rather than the face of the fighter. But true physical courage is marked in the firm chin, the thin lips and the flash of the keen gray eyes. The man of

good blood and gentle breeding is marked in every line of his face, and his manner, unstudied and unaffected, is that of the man who knows men and appreciates them at their true worth.

In private life the fighting politician is gentle as a woman, playful as a child. He was never a theorist, and has only two fads, love of home and love of mechanics. If he had been born to a life of manual labor he would have been a machinist and inventor. Edged tools are his toys, the whirr of machinery the music of his leisure hours.

In all things Justice Jerome is essentially a man of action. He has that nervous, restless temperament under the spell of which no man is content unless he is doing things or getting things done. Action is the watchword of his existence, as well as the secret of his success in politics. When red tape bars his way he tears it to shreds. When conventionalities and precedents would delay



From a cartoon by C. G. Bush, by courtesy of the New York World.

work and results, he brushes them aside as so many cobwebs, that may be good to look at, but are mere entanglements in a life of action. He possesses to a marked degree the fortunate faculty of fixing his mind on one thing at a time. When he works it is with all the strength and energy of his

practical benefit to mankind—than to win any kind of political victory.

This aggressive, outspoken politician militant, who won thousands of votes by defying party leaders and all political precedents, has a very human side, so human, in fact, that it is entirely unromantic. He has



The Country House of District Attorney Jerome at Lakeville, Connecticut.

nature. When he plays or rests work is forgotten.

Justice Jerome owns a country home at Lakeville, Conn., and it is a country home in the true sense of the word. His house is some distance from the town, built on a slight hill and surrounded by woods. There it is possible to get close to nature. In the basement of his country home he has fitted up a very complete machine shop. There is a steam engine, a mass of shafting, belts and pulleys and all manner of small lathes, saws, files and other modern machines for carpenter and cabinet work. He turns golf balls equal to the best trade-marked article and presents them to his friends. This machine shop is his playroom, and there he spends as much of his leisure time as possible. He has invented things in this workshop, none of them patented as yet, none in general use, but to his friends he sometimes confides the secret ambition that he had rather be the inventor of some great labor-saving machine or device—something of

a wife and one child, a boy twelve years old. They are the people of his social world. If they are happy he is content. The boy is his pet and companion. During his whirlwind campaign the boy accompanied him several times to daylight meetings, and the Judge would not begin a speech until "Chinkey," as the lad is nicknamed, had a seat or standing room on the platform.

Few men have undergone a greater mental and physical strain combined than that endured by Justice Jerome in the campaign that resulted in his election to the important office of District Attorney. The making of eight or ten public speeches in a day and evening is a strain that cannot be fully realized except by those who have tried the experiment. At times he had to have the assistance of physicians to keep up and fill his speaking engagements, but no matter how great the mental or physical strain, he never disappointed an audience. He was greatly aided in this work by his ability to

fix his entire mind on one thing at a time and avoid worry over details. The speaking appointments were all made for him by campaign managers, and when he entered a carriage in the early evening to start on his round he did not know where he was to speak that night or how many speeches he was to make. When the work of the night was ended he went to his room and slept like a boy.

Those who have long known Justice Jerome and studied him from the vantage point of friendship say there is no secret

back of his success in politics. They find in him two qualities that always command success when properly combined, courage and humanity. He is brave to the point of doing right and seeking to induce others to do right because it is right. He believes that men and women should be honest and honorable because that is the right thing to do, and not practice those virtues in the hope of reward. He wins the admiration of women and the respect of men because he is endowed with that touch of nature that makes all the world kin.

HARBOR SUNSET

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Beyond the bar the sun has set
And there the wind may chant its runes,
All mystical and sad at sea,
But here the high sky over me
Is one pure dome of violet
Winnowed of cloud above the dunes.

Over the Druid pine and fir
That crown the westering hills is seen
The young moon's golden barge afloat
Like some adventurous fairy boat,
With one white star to pilot her
Through seas of pearl and lucent green.

Afar, the islets still and dim,
That gem the harbor's burnished zone,
Hold yet the twilight that must soon
Fall over sea and reef and dune,
As from some goblet's crystal rim
A misty purple wine is blown.

The boats that sailed at break of day
Are homeward bound, and on the shore
A joyous welcome waits each one
For toil is past and work is done
When o'er the hushed and placid bay
The veil of darkness falls once more.

A SONG OF WINTER

By WILLARD DILLMAN

A bleak wind stalks among the reeds
And mourns beneath the brooding eaves;
It stirs the sere and shrunken weeds
And creeps upon the withered leaves.
Where are the copious harvest sheaves?
Where are the tinged and verdant meads?

For I have seen the summer bloom,
I've marked the warm, enduring days;
The spider plied his silent loom,
The wood birds spilled their mingled lays,
The roses blew by shaded ways—
There was no sigh, there was no gloom.

But now the winter's van is here.
The cattle drift upon the wold;
Across the meadows waste and drear
The sheep come hurrying to the fold.
I bind my cloak against the cold—
There is no smile, there is no cheer.

Stay! Through yon window glows a grate.
My wife and children, gathered near
With eager ears my steps await.
My home is filled with warmth and cheer.
This is the glad time of the year,
Let the winds moan disconsolate!

THE FLAG PARAMOUNT

By OLIVIER HENRY

A DOZEN quarts of champagne, in conjunction with an informal sitting of the President and his cabinet, led to the establishment of the navy and the appointment of Felipe Carrera as its admiral. The wine had been sent by the Mogul Banana Company of New Orleans as a token of amicable relations—and certain consummated deals—between that company and the republic.

Next to the champagne the credit of the appointment belonged to Don Sabas Placido, the newly appointed Minister of War.

The session had been signally tedious; the business and the wine prodigiously dry. A sudden, prankish humor of Don Sabas impelling him to the deed, spiced the grave

matters of state with a whiff of agreeable playfulness.

In the order of business had come a bulletin from the department of Orilla del Mar, reporting the seizure by the custom-house officers at the coast town of Solitas of the sloop *Estrella de Noche* and her cargo of dry goods, patent medicines, granulated sugar and three-star brandy. Also six Martini rifles and ten thousand Havana cigars. Caught in the act of smuggling, the sloop and cargo was now, according to law, the property of the republic.

The Collector of Customs, in making his statement, departed from conventional forms so far as to suggest that the confiscated vessel be converted to the use of the gov-

ernment. The prize was the first capture to the credit of the department for ten years. It often happened that government officials required transportation from point to point along the coast, and means were usually lacking. Furthermore, the sloop could act as a coast guard to discourage the pernicious art of smuggling. The Collector would also venture to name one to whom the charge of the boat could be safely entrusted—a young man, Felipe Carrera, not, be it understood, one of extreme wisdom, but loyal, and the best sailor along the coast.

It was upon this hint that the Minister of War executed his little piece of drollery that so enlivened the tedium of executive session.

In the constitution of this small, maritime banana republic was a forgotten section providing for the maintenance of a navy. The champagne was bubbling trickily in the veins of the mercurial statesmen. A formidable document was prepared, encrusted with chromatic seals and jaunty with fluttering ribbons, bearing the florid signatures of state, and conferring upon el Señor Don Felipe Carrera the title of Admiral of the marine fleet and force of the republic. Thus, within the space of a few minutes and the dominion of a dozen extra dry, the country rose to a place among naval powers, and Felipe Carrera became entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns whenever he should enter port.

The Southern races are lacking in that particular humor that finds entertainment in natural misfortunes. Owing to this defect, they are not moved to laughter at the deformed, the feeble-minded, or the insane. Felipe Carrera was but half-witted. Therefore, the people of Solitas called him "*el pobrecito loco*," saying that God had sent but half of him to earth, retaining the other. A somber youth, glowering and speaking only at the rarest times, Felipe was but negatively *loco*. He generally refused to answer all questions when on shore. He seemed to know that he was badly handicapped on land where so many kinds of understanding are needed, but on the water few sailors whom God had entirely and carefully completed could handle a sailboat as well. He could sail a sloop five points nearer to the wind's eye than the best of them. He owned no boat, but worked among the crews of the schooners and sloops that skimmed the coast, trading, and freighting fruit out to the steamers where there was no harbor. It was through his famous bold-

ness and skill as a sailor, as well as the pity felt for his mental imperfections that he was recommended by the Collector as a suitable custodian of the captured sloop.

When the outcome of Señor Placido's little pleasantry arrived in the form of the imposing commission, the Collector wondered and then smiled. He sent for Felipe, placed the document in his hands, explaining carefully to him the high honor that the government had granted him. Without a word, the newly created Admiral took his commission, and departed.

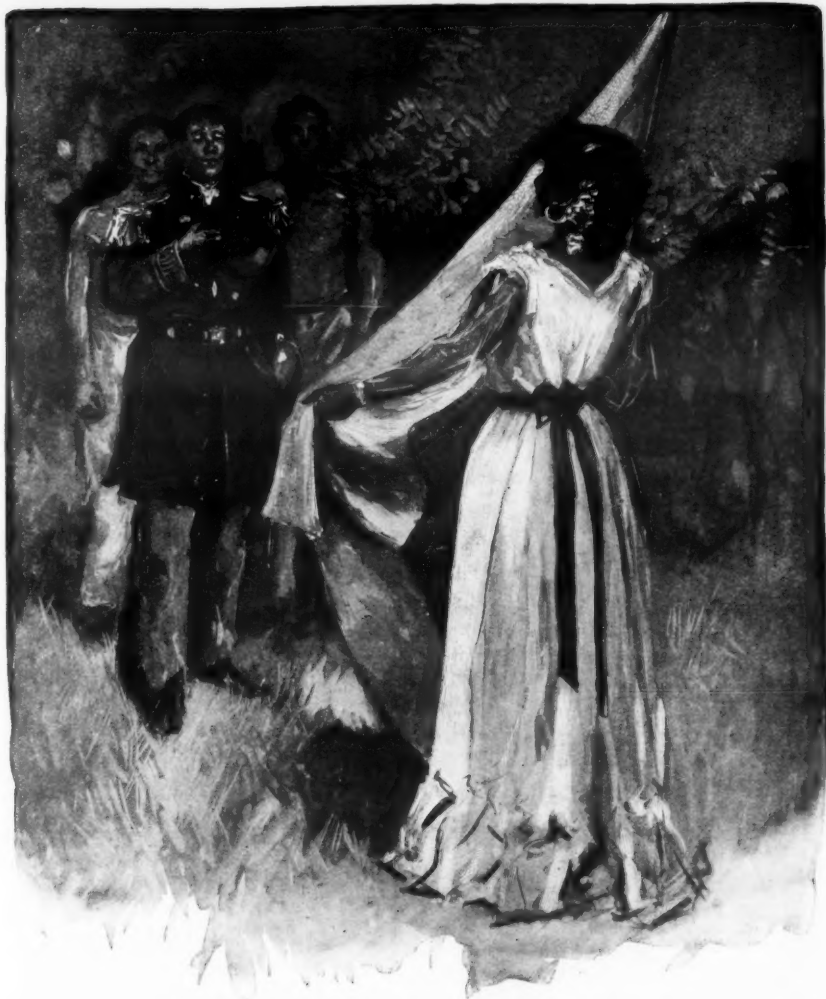
The next morning he came again to the Collector, and, as he passed through the village streets many were the compassionate exclamations of "*pobrecito muchacho*," but never a laugh or a smile.

Somewhere, Felipe had raked together a pitiful semblance of a military uniform—a pair of red trousers, a dingy blue jacket embroidered with yellow braid, and an old fatigue cap abandoned by one of the British soldiers in Belize. In the latter he had fastened the gaudy feathers of a parrot's tail. Buckled around his waist was an ancient ship's cutlass contributed by Pedro Lafitte, the barber, who proudly asserted its inheritance from his ancestor, the illustrious buccaneer.

At the Admiral's heels tagged his newly shipped crew—three grinning, glossy black Caribs, bare to the waist; the sand in the streets spurting in a shower from the spring of their naked feet.

With becoming dignity, Felipe demanded his vessel of the Collector. And now, a fresh honor awaited him. The Collector's wife, a thin, little, yellow woman who read novels in a hammock all day, had found, in an old book, an engraving of a flag purporting to be the naval flag of the republic. Perhaps it had been so designed by the founder of the nation; but, as no navy had ever been established, oblivion had claimed its flag. With her own tawny hands she had made a flag after this pattern—a red cross upon a blue and white ground. Having a little of the romance that abounded in her novels, she presented it to Felipe with the words: "Brave sailor. This flag is of your country. It you will defend with the life. Go with God."

For the next month or two the navy had its troubles. Even the Admiral was perplexed to know what to do without orders, but none came. Neither did any salaries. The sloop was re-christened "*El Nacional*," re-painted, and swung idly at anchor. When



"This flag is of your country. It you will defend with the life."

Felipe's little store of money was exhausted, he went to the Collector and raised the question of finances.

"Salaries!" exclaimed the Collector, with his hands raised. "*Qué* salaries! Not one *centavo* have I received of my own for seven months. The pay of an Admiral, do you ask? *Quien sabe?* Should it be less than three thousand *pesos*? *Mira!* You will see a revolution in this country very soon. A good

sign of it is when they call for *pesos, pesos pesos*; and pay none out."

Felipe left the Collector with a look almost of content in his sombre face. A revolution would mean fighting, and then the government would need his services. It was rather humiliating to be an admiral without anything to do, and have a hungry crew begging for *reales* to buy plantains and bread to eat.

When he returned to where the good-natured Caribs were hopefully waiting, they sprang up and saluted, as he had taught them.

"Come, *muchachos*," said the Admiral. "The government is poor. It has no money at present. We will earn what we need to live upon. Soon"—his heavy eyes almost lighted up—"our help may be gladly sought for."

Thereafter *El Nacional* turned out with the other coast craft and freighted bananas and oranges out to the fruit steamers who could not come nearer than a mile off shore, there being no harbor at Solitas. Surely, a self-supporting navy deserves red letters in the budget of any nation!

There was a little telegraph office in Solitas whence a little telegraph line ran over the big mountains to the capital. After earning enough at freighting to keep his crew in provisions and pay for a week or two, Felipe would infest this office, looking like the chorus of an insolvent comic opera troupe besieging the manager's den. Sprawled in a favorite corner, upon the floor, in his fast decaying uniform, with his prodigious sabre distributed between his red legs, he awaited, day after day, and week after week, the long delayed orders from his government. Each day he would inquire, gravely and expectantly, for dispatches. The operator would pretend to make a search, and reply:

"Not yet, it seems, *Señor el Almirante—Poco tiempo!*"

At the answer the Admiral would plump himself down, with a rattle, in his corner to await the infrequent click of the little instrument on the table. Outside, in the shade of the lime trees in the *calle*, the crew chewed sugar cane, or slumbered, well content to serve a country content with so little service.

One day in early summer the revolution predicted by the Collector flamed out suddenly. It had long been smouldering. At the head of the insurgents appeared that Hector and learned Theban of the Central American republics, Don Sabas Placido. A traveler, a soldier, a poet, a scientist, a statesman, and a connoisseur—the wonder was that he could content himself with the petty, remote life of his native country.

"It is a whim of Placido's," said a friend who knew him well, "to take up political intrigue. It is not otherwise than if he had come upon a new *tempo* in music; a new bacillus in the air; a new scent, or rhyme,

or explosive. He will squeeze this revolution dry of sensations, and, a week afterward, forget it, skimming the seas of the world in his brigantine to add to his already world-famous collections of—*por Dios!*—everything—from postage stamps to *maquinas de vapor*."

But the æsthetic Placido seemed to be creating a lively row, for a mere dilettante. The admired of the people, they had risen almost in a body to seat him in the place of the inclement President Prados. There was sharp fighting in the capital, where (contrary to arrangements) the army had rallied to the defense of the incumbent. There was, also, lively skirmishing in most of the coast towns. It was rumored that the revolution was aided by a powerful concern in the States—the Mogul Banana Company. Two of their steamers, the *Traveler* and the *Salvador*, were known to have conveyed insurgent troops from point to point along the coast.

At the first note of war the Admiral of the naval fleet and force made all sail for Belize, where he traded a hastily collected cargo for cartridges for the five Martini rifles, the armament of *El Nacional*. Then back he hurried, to be prepared for his country's call. As yet, there had been no actual uprising in Solitas. Military law ruled, and the ferment was bottled for the time. There was a report that everywhere the revolutionists were encountering defeat. In the capital the President's forces triumphed, and there was a rumor that the leaders of the revolt had been forced to flee, hotly pursued.

In the little telegraph office at Solitas there was always a gathering of officials and loyal citizens, awaiting news from the seat of government. One morning the telegraph key began clicking, and presently the operator called, loudly: "One telegram for *el Almirante*, Don Señor Felipe Carrera!"

There was a shuffling sound; a great rattling of tin scabbard, and the Admiral, prompt at his spot of waiting, leaped across the room to receive it.

The message was handed to him. Slowly spelling it out, he found it to be his first official order—thus running:

"Proceed immediately with your vessel to mouth of Río Ruiz; transport beef and provisions to barracks, at Alforan. Martínez, General."

Small glory, to be sure, in this, his country's first call. But it had called, and joy surged in the Admiral's breast. He drew



"The large man stood near the water's brink, waist deep in the curling vines."

his cutlass belt to another buckle hole, roused his dozing crew, and in a quarter of an hour *El Nacional* was tacking swiftly down coast in a stiff landward breeze.

The Rio Ruiz is a small river, emptying into the sea ten miles below Solitas. That portion of the coast is wild and solitary. Through a gorge in the Cordilleras rushes the Rio Ruiz, cold and bubbling, to glide, at the last, with breadth and leisure, through an alluvial morass into the sea.

In two hours *El Nacional* entered the river's mouth. The banks were crowded with a disposition of formidable trees. The sumptuous undergrowth of the tropics overflowed the land, and drowned itself in the fallow waters. Silently the sloop entered there, and met a deeper silence. Brilliant with greens and ochres and floral scarlets, the umbrageous mouth of the Rio Ruiz furnished no sound or movement save of the seagoing water as it curled against the prow of the vessel. Small chance there seemed of wresting beef or provisions from that empty solitude.

The Admiral decided to cast anchor, and, at the chain's rattle, the forest was stimulated to instant and resounding uproar. The mouth of the Rio Ruiz had only been taking a morning nap. Parrots and baboons screeched and barked in the trees; a whirring and a hissing and a booming marked the awakening of animal life; a dark blue bulk was visible for an instant, as a startled tapir fought his way through the vines.

The navy, under orders, hung in the mouth of the little river for hours. The crew served the dinner of shark's fin soup, plantains, crab gumbo and sour claret. The Admiral, with a three-foot telescope, closely scanned the impervious foliage fifty yards away.

It was nearly sunset when a reverberating "hallo-o-o" came from the forest to their left. It was answered, and three men, mounted upon mules, crashed through the tropic tangle to within a dozen yards of the river's bank. There they dismounted; and one, unbuckling his belt, struck each mule a violent blow with his sword scabbard, so that they, with a fling of heels, dashed back again into the forest.

Those were strange-looking men to be conveying beef and provisions. One was a large and exceedingly active man, of striking presence. He was of the purest Spanish type, with curling dark hair, gray besprinkled, blue, sparkling eyes, and the pronounced air of a *caballero grande*. The

other two were small, brown-faced men, wearing white military uniforms, high riding boots and swords. The clothes of all were drenched, bespattered and rent by the thicket. Some stress of circumstance must have driven them, *diable à quatre*, through flood, mire and jungle.

"O-hé! Señor Almirante," called the large man. "Send to us your boat."

The dory was lowered, and Felipe, with one of the Caribs, rowed toward the left bank.

The large man stood near the water's brink, waist deep in the curling vines. As he gazed upon the scarecrow figure in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face. Months of wageless and thankless service had dimmed the Admiral's splendor. His red trousers were patched and ragged. Most of the bright buttons and yellow braid were gone from his jacket. The visor of his cap was torn, and depended almost to his eyes. The Admiral's feet were bare.

"Dear Admiral," cried the large man, and his voice was like a blast from a horn, "I kiss your hands. I knew we could build upon your fidelity. You had our dispatch—from General Martinez. A little nearer with your boat, dear Admiral. Upon these evils of shifting vines we stand with the smallest security."

Felipe regarded him with a stolid face.

"Provisions and beef for the barracks at Alforan," he quoted.

"No fault of the butchers, *Almirante mio*, that the beef awaits you not. But you are come in time to save the cattle. Get us aboard your vessel, señor, at once. You first, *caballeros—á priesa*. Come back for me. The boat is too small."

The dory conveyed the two officers to the sloop, and returned for the large man.

"Have you so gross a thing as food, good Admiral?" he cried, when aboard. "And, perhaps, coffee? Beef and provisions! *Nom-bre de Dios!* a little longer, and we could have eaten one of those mules that you, Colonel Rafael, saluted so feelingly with your sword scabbard at parting. Let us have food; and then we will sail—for the barracks at Alforan—no?"

The Caribs prepared a meal, to which the three passengers of *El Nacional* set themselves with famished delight. About sunset, as was its custom, the breeze veered and swept back from the mountains, cool and steady, bringing a taste of the stagnant lagoons and mango swamps that guttered

the lowlands. The mainsail of the sloop was hoisted and swelled to it, and at that moment they heard shouts and a waxing clamor from the bosky profundities of the wood.

"The butchers, my dear Admiral," said the large man, smiling, "too late for the slaughter."

Further than his orders to his crew, the Admiral was saying nothing. The topsail and jib were spread, and the sloop glided out of the estuary. The large man and his companions had bestowed themselves with what comfort they could about the bare deck. Belike, the thing big in their minds had been their departure of that critical shore; and now that the hazard was so far reduced their thoughts were loosed to the consideration of further deliverance. But when they saw the sloop turn and fly up coast again they relaxed, satisfied with the course the Admiral had taken.

The large man sat at ease, his spirited blue eye engaged in the contemplation of the navy's commander. He was trying to estimate this somber and fantastic lad, whose impenetrable stolidity puzzled him. Himself a fugitive, his life sought, and chafing under the smart of defeat and failure, it was characteristic of him to transfer instantly his interest to the study of a thing new to him. It was like him, too, to have conceived and risked all upon this last desperate and madcap scheme—this message to a poor, crazed *fanatico* cruising about with his grotesque uniform and his farcical title. But his companions had been at their wits' end; escape had seemed incredible; and now he was pleased at the success of the plan they had called crack-brained and precarious.

The brief, tropic twilight seemed to slide swiftly into the pearly splendor of a moonlit night. And now the lights of Solitas appeared, distributed against the darkening shore to their right. The Admiral stood, silent, at the tiller; the Caribs, like black panthers, held the sheets, leaping noiselessly at his short commands. The three passengers were watching intently the sea before them, and when at length they came in sight of the bulk of a steamer lying a mile out from the town, with her lights radiating deep into the water, they held a sudden voluble and close-headed converse. The sloop was speeding as if to strike midway between ship and shore.

The large man suddenly separated from his companions and approached the scarecrow at the helm.

"My dear Admiral," he said, "the government has been exceedingly remiss. I feel all the shame for it that only its ignorance of your devoted service has prevented it from sustaining. An inexcusable oversight has been made. A vessel, a uniform and a crew worthy of your fidelity shall be furnished you. But just now, dear Admiral, there is business of moment afoot. The steamer lying there is the *Salvador*. I and my friends desire to be conveyed to her, where we are sent on the government's business. Do us the favor to shape your course accordingly."

Without replying, the Admiral gave a sharp command, and put the tiller hard to port. *El Nacional* swerved, and headed, straight as an arrow's course, for the shore.

"Do me the favor," said the large man, a trifle restively, "to acknowledge, at least, that you catch the sound of my words." It was possible that the fellow might be lacking in senses as well as intellect.

The Admiral emitted a croaking, harsh laugh, and spake.

"They will stand you," he said, "with your face to a wall and shoot you dead. That is the way they kill traitors. I knew you when you stepped into my boat. I have seen your picture in a book. You are Sabas Placido, traitor to your country. With your face to a wall. So, you will die. I am the Admiral, and I will take you to them. With your face to a wall. Yes."

Don Sabas half turned and waved his hand, with a ringing laugh, toward his fellow fugitives. "To you, *caballeros*, I have related the history of that *banquete* when we issued that O! so ridiculous commission. Of a truth, our jest has been turned against us. Behold the Frankenstein's monster we have created!"

Don Sabas glanced toward the shore. The lights of Solitas were drawing nearer. He could see the beach, the warehouse of the *Bodega Nacional*, the long, low *cuartel* occupied by the soldiers, and, behind that, gleaming in the moonlight, a stretch of high 'dobe wall. He had seen men stood with their faces to that wall and shot dead.

Again he addressed the extravagant figure at the helm.

"It is true," he said, "that I am fleeing the country. But, receive the assurance that I care very little for that. Courts and camps everywhere are open to Sabas Placido. *Vaya!* what is this molehill of a republic—this pig's head of a country—to a man like me? I am a *paisano* of every-

where. In *Roma, Londres, Viena, Nuevo York, Madrid*, you will hear them say: 'Welcome back, Don Sabas.' Come! *tonto*—baboon of a boy—Admiral—whatever you call yourself—turn your boat! Put us on board the *Salvador*, and here is your pay—

joy, and found utterance in another parrot-like cackle.

"That is why they do it," he said, "so you will not see the guns. They fire—*boum!*—and you fall dead. With your face to the wall. Yes."



"The Admiral had drawn his cutlass, and was darting upon him."

five hundred *pesos* in money of the *Estados Unidos*—more than your lying government will pay you in twenty years."

Don Sabas pressed a plump purse against the boy's hand. The Admiral gave no heed to the words or the movement. Braced against the helm, he was holding the sloop dead on her shoreward course. His dull face was lit almost to intelligence by some internal conceit, that seemed to afford him

was drawing his pistol as he sprang, and, the next instant, he shot the Admiral down.

Don Sabas stooped over him and rose again.

"*En el corazon*," he said, briefly. "Señores, the navy is abolished."

Colonel Rafael sprang to the helm; the other officer hastened to loose the mainsail sheets. The boom swung round; *El Nacional*

The Admiral called a sudden order to his crew. The lithe, silent Caribs made fast the sheets they held and slipped down the hatchway into the hold of the sloop. When the last one had disappeared, Don Sabas, like a big, brown leopard, leaped, closed and fastened the hatch, and stood, smiling.

"No rifles, if you please, dear Admiral. It was a whimsey of mine once to compile a dictionary of the Carib *lengua*. So I understood your order. Perhaps you will now——"

He cut short his words, for he heard a sharp "swish" of iron scraping along tin. The Admiral had drawn his cutlass, and was darting upon him. The blade descended, and it was only by a show of surprising agility that the large man escaped, with only a bruised shoulder, the glancing weapon. He

described a fluent curve and began to tack industriously for the *Salvador*.

"Strike that flag, señor," called Colonel Rafael. "Our friends on the steamer will wonder why we are sailing under it."

"Well said," cried Don Sabas. Advancing to the mast he lowered the flag to the deck where lay its too loyal supporter. Thus ended the Minister of War's little piece of after-dinner drollery, and by the same hand that began it.

Suddenly Don Sabas gave a great cry of joy, and ran down the slanting deck to the side of Colonel Rafael. Across his arm he carried the flag of the extinguished navy.

"*Mire! mire! señor.* Ah, *Dios!* Already can I hear that great bear of an *Oestreicher* shout '*Du hast mein herz gebrochen!*' *Mire!* Of my friend, Herr Grunitz, of *Viena*, you have heard me relate. That man has traveled to Ceylon for an orchid—to Patagonia for a head-dress—to Benares for a slipper—to Mozambique for a spearhead to add to his famous collections. Thou knowest, also, *amigo* Rafael, that I have been a gatherer of curios. My collection of battle flags of the world's navies was the most complete in existence until last year. Then Herr Grunitz secured two, O! so rare specimens. One of a Barbary state, and one of the Makarooros, a tribe on the west coast of Africa. I have not those, but they can be procured. But this flag, señor—do you know what it is? Name of God! do you know? See that red cross upon the blue and white ground! You never saw it before? *Seguramente no.* It is the marine flag of your country. *Mire!* This rotten tub we stand upon is its navy—that dead cockatoo lying there was its commander—that stroke of cutlass and single pistol shot a sea battle. All a piece of absurd foolery, I grant you—but authentic. There has never been another flag like this, and there never will be another. No. It is unique in the whole world. Yes. Think of what that means to a collector of flags! Do you know, *Coronel mio*, how many golden crowns Herr Grunitz would give for this flag? Ten thousand, likely. Well, a hundred thousand would not buy it. Beautiful flag! Only flag! Little devil of a most heaven-born flag! *O-hé!* old grumbler beyond the ocean. Wait till Don Sabas comes again to the *Königin Strasse*. He will let you kneel and touch the folds of it with one finger. *O-hé!* old spectacled ransacker of the world!"

Forgotten was the impotent revolution, the danger, the loss, the gall of defeat.

Possessed solely by the inordinate and unparalleled passion of the collector, he strode up and down the little deck, clasping to his breast with one hand the paragon of a flag. He snapped his fingers triumphantly toward the east. He shouted the paean to his prize in trumpet tones, as if he would make old Grunitz hear.

They were waiting, on the *Salvador*, to welcome them. The sloop came close alongside the steamer where her sides were sliced almost to the lower deck for the loading of fruit. The sailors of the *Salvador* grappled and held her there.

Captain McLeod leaned over the side.

"Well, señor, the jig is up, I'm told."

"The jig is up?" Don Sabas looked perplexed for a moment. "That revolution—*ah—sí.*" With a shrug of his shoulder he dismissed the matter.

The captain learned of the escape and the imprisoned crew.

"Caribs?" he said; "no harm in them."

He slipped down into the sloop and kicked loose the hasp of the hatch. The black fellows came tumbling up, sweating but grinning.

"Hey! black boys!" said the captain, in a dialect of his own; "you sabe, catchy boat and vamos back same place quick."

They saw him point to themselves, the sloop and *Solitas*. "Yas, yas!" they cried, with broader grins and many nods.

The four—Don Sabas, the two officers and the captain—moved to quit the sloop. Don Sabas lagged a little behind, looking at the still form of the late Admiral, sprawled in his paltry trappings.

"*Pobrecito loco,*" he said, softly.

He was a brilliant cosmopolite and a *cognoscente* of high rank; but, after all, he was of the same race and blood and instinct of this people. Even as the simple *gente* of *Solitas* had said it, so said Don Sabas. Without a smile, he looked, and said, "The poor little crazed one!"

Stooping, he raised the limp shoulders, drew the priceless and induplicable flag under them and over the breast, pinning it there with the diamond star of the order of San Carlos that he took from the collar of his own coat.

He followed after the others, and stood with them upon the deck of the *Salvador*. The sailors that steadied *El Nacional* shoved her off. The jabbering Caribs hauled away at the rigging; the sloop headed for the shore; and Herr Grunitz's collection of naval flags was still the finest in the world.

RUSSIA'S VODKA MONOPOLY

BY

ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN



Vodka Factory No. 1, in St. Petersburg.

BECAUSE the name of Russia marshals in our minds a group of ideas which enshrouds her institutions in a sort of reactionary fog, we fail to realize that, however opposed is the Russian government to the essence of progress, Russia could not hold her place as a western power were she never taking a forward step. In fact, the problem which confronts Russia's statesmen, and which will in the end defy their solution, is how to keep the mighty empire in line with the other great European forces and at the same time preserve her mediaeval government. Such a situation verges on the impossible and often leads to extraordinary measures.

M. Serge de Witte, Minister of Finance, stands a political giant out of the uncertain turmoil of Russian bureaucracy. His policy, in so far as one may define it, is to carry out his own ideas for Russia's welfare, regardless of the means employed. Like every man who becomes great in the sphere of national and international politics, his schemes are vaster and more daring than those conceived by ordinary minds, backed by wills of mediocre power. Americans know him best as the man who has been playing a game of tariff chess with Secretary Gage; Europe thinks of him as he who set the unstable Russian currency on a rock; but in Russia, His Excellency, the Minister

of Finance, is more often associated with the sort of social-financial scheme which is changing conditions in the lives of the lower classes, and which is known as the Government Vodka Monopoly.

The two objects avowed in de Witte's mind were the increase of national revenue, which was an urgent necessity, and the regulation of the liquor consumption of the empire. Excessive drinking is one of Russia's greatest national evils; throughout the world, drunkenness is associated with the Russian. By making vodka (brandy) a product of government factories only, to be sold in government stores, and a comparatively small number of licensed places, the tremendous profits of the liquor trade would pour into the Czar's exchequer, and at the same time it was thought that the evil of excessive drinking could be regulated in various ways. It was quite patent that, with an economically developed system, the first object would be gained. The realization of the second remained to be accomplished.

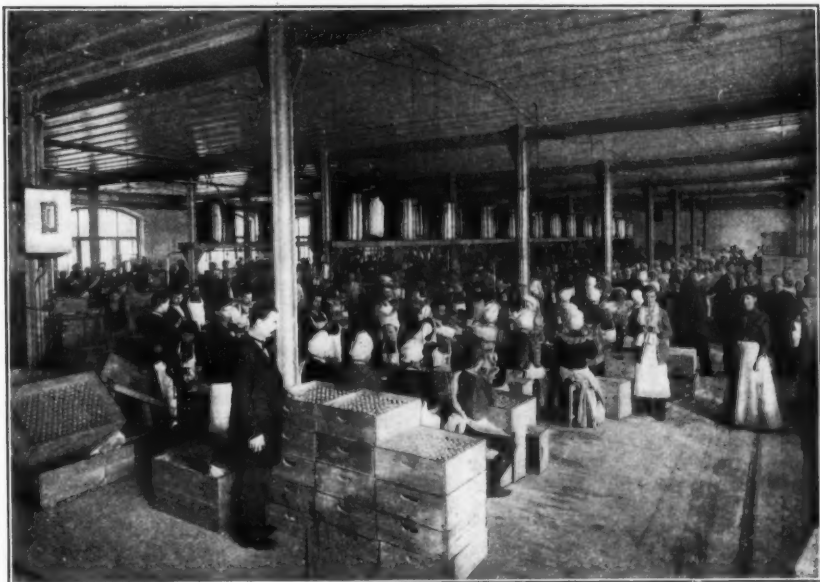
It would be impossible to check drunkenness in any other country by a government control of only one kind of liquor; but in Russia vodka and tea are the national drinks. The consumption of other intoxicating liquors is as nothing compared with the consumption of vodka. The raw spirit

is generally made from potatoes, though sometimes from wheat and maize, and as it comes from the distilleries it contains eighty to ninety per cent. of what is called raw absolute spirit.

The second process is that of the rectification of this material which brings the percentage of the raw absolute spirit up to ninety-five or ninety-six. According to the scheme of de Witte, the government would not take over the spirits till after their distillation and rectification by private parties; the amount which each would be allowed to produce to be limited to the amount the government wished to take. The rectified spirits would be shipped to the factories established by the government, and there thoroughly purified and mixed with water; not till then can the name of vodka be applied. Of course, such a tremendous undertaking could not be put in operation simultaneously over Russia's vast territory, and experiment on a small scale at first was the best policy. So in 1895 the old excise laws were abrogated in certain eastern governments (a "government" in Russia is equivalent to a county or province), while factories and shops were put in operation, and all legal manufacture and sale of both spirits and vodka were taken out of the hands of

individuals. In 1896 the process was continued in the southern, western and southwestern governments; in 1897 in the northwest; in 1898 in the northern, including the government of St. Petersburg, and also Kharkoff and Poland. It will be in force in Western Siberia on July 1, 1902, and in Central Siberia in 1904. A further extension to the Pacific coast and into Central Asia is contemplated.

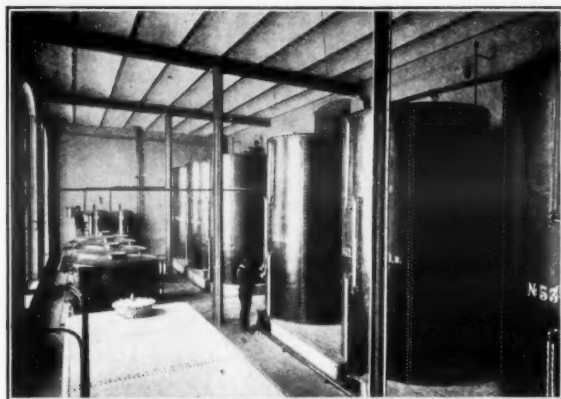
I heard the monopoly constantly alluded to in Russia, but it was at last only by visiting one of the 350 or more huge factories which have sprung into being at de Witte's command, and the government shops in both city and country, that I gained a vivid idea of the colossal measure of the undertaking, and its influence one way or another on the life of the average Russian. It was last August that I went to Factory No. 1, in St. Petersburg, with a very courteous official who held a high position in the Department of Finance, and who had studied the temperance question in many lands, so that he was a lucid expositor as well as guide. All the factories are built and run on the same principle. No. 1 is situated near the Neva, and is solidly constructed of red brick. A uniformed Swiss hall porter greets the visitor at the main entrance. Upstairs are



Bottling and Sealing Vodka.

nically furnished offices and counting-rooms. On the main floor is a dispensary with a small emergency hospital attached, where a doctor prescribes without charge for any of the employees who are ill or injured. Back of this stretch the buildings of the factory itself.

Visiting each department in natural



Where the Raw Spirits Are Stored.

sequence, the first is that in which the raw spirits are received, measured and poured into huge tanks which hold thousands of vedros. In the several departments following the spirits are mixed with water and put through two or three processes of purification by means of charcoal, so that the percentage of amyl spirits—the poison which lurks in Russian brandy and other strong liquors—is reduced to a minimum. The pure vodka which at last flows from the purifying tanks into the bottling rooms below is as colorless and sparkling as water.

Bottles are bought in enormous quantities, and stored on the upper floor, but the corks are made on the premises in a separate room. The bottling and sealing of the vodka is a process which is both pretty and interesting. The 300 men employees are mainly engaged in the tank, shipping and power rooms, while the 380 women work very skilfully at washing, filling and sealing the bottles, and printing and pasting on the labels. I was told that in printing the labels by hand impressions the girls could keep up with the machine. The government seal and label are of equal importance, for not a drop of vodka can be legally sold in the whole of Russia, where the monopoly

is in force, which is not inside a bottle bearing these credentials. The bottles themselves are of all sizes, the smallest containing 1-200 of a vedro, and selling for six kopecs. Two kopecs are refunded when the bottle is brought back, and a proportional charge is made on those of larger size. On the seal and at the top of the label is the Russian double eagle; below is written the exact amount of vodka or spirits which the bottle contains, and the percentage of spirits, if it is vodka. That percentage is always forty—that is to say, the finished article, coming out of a government factory, has sixty per cent. of water, to forty per cent. of pure spirit. As two qualities are turned out, the color of the seal and label is different for each.

In the cellars of the factory large stores of the bottled product are kept against an extra demand; for while the

production of the factory scarcely varies, the demand is always fluctuating. Before a holiday, for instance, the amount sent out to the shops and licensed stores and restaurants is several times as great as on any ordinary day.

In every department of the factory I was equally impressed by the perfect order and system, and the up-to-date, economic methods; but from a human point of view, a large separate building within the factory enclosure was of still greater interest. In Russia, for reasons which I have partly explained, we find the strangest contrasts of progress and reaction, cruelty and advanced humanitarianism, side by side. As a race, the people take kindly to schemes of co-operation, of a communistic and sometimes socialistic character.

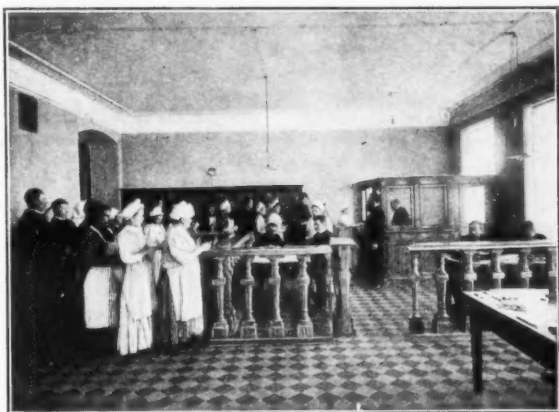
Of course, in their own country homes the Russian moujiks, peasants, still preserve the mir or commune; and though one may doubt whether such a social condition is especially conducive to their advancement, there is probably no other people who could carry such a system out. While the government is constantly guilty of acts creditable to the middle ages, in its public works it often attempts to realize ideals which have

a suggestion of Utopia. The men employees receive from seventeen to thirty-five roubles a month, and the women from fifteen to twenty-five; these wages are very generous, taking into consideration the standard of living; and in the building of which I have spoken is a great dining-room where each employee can get a dinner for ten kopecs (five cents), consisting of soup, kvas (a mild drink made from black bread), tea and meat. Here also are newspapers and a small library, and a room containing the musical instruments of a band organized among the men. Every week or two a concert or theatrical performance is given by the employees.

Now the monopoly is planning to put up dormitories where the workers of both sexes can obtain lodging at the same proportionate rate as food, thus enabling them to save a large proportion of their wages.

In its relation to the question of the monopoly, I found Factory No. 1 chiefly interesting as showing the methods employed by the government to obtain a certain end. From this place we drove to several of the 360 government shops where vodka is sold in St. Petersburg. They are meant to supersede almost entirely the old traktirs, taverns or saloons, which formerly adorned the thoroughfares of Russian cities and towns, just as they do in our own blessed land. In these traktirs the workman and the peasant could sit and sip their vodka by the hour, the day, or the night, and find in jovial companionships encouragement to further excesses. Now, except for a very small number of traktirs, and the restaurants of higher class, this evil is abolished. The government depot for the sale of vodka is bare, and uninviting, except for its air of decency and cleanliness. A sign over the door announces the character of the establishment, and you enter to find yourself before a long counter with a cage above it, and two little gates like in a bank. Behind, on shelves, are quantities of the bottles of all sizes and both qualities, arranged with utmost precision, and in a rear room are reserve stores replenished by the cases which are constantly sent from

the factory. Business is lively in these vodka shops. The door admits a never-ending stream of customers during hours. The shops are closed at night, and open only for a short time on holidays. Some of those who enter are laden with empty bottles, and thus get the price discounted on their next supply; some go away like John Gilpin, with a huge bottle on either side, while others pass over six kopecs, carry their small measure of vodka outside, where they knock the cork out with a blow, swallow the contents at a gulp, and then return with the bottle for more, paying only four kopecs this time. But when a man is actually drunk, the shopkeeper is not allowed to sell him any liquor, and there is no place in the shops where the customer may sit down; to drink so much as a drop on the premises is absolutely forbidden. In connection with these shops there are some interesting facts relative to the government policy in running the monopoly. The conditions attached to the part of shopkeeper are such that well-educated, self-respecting men and women can undertake the work. Out of the 360 shops in St. Petersburg 300 are attended by women, and they are paid a salary of from 720



Pay Day at a Vodka Factory.

to 900 roubles a year. This is good pay in Russia. Besides they have lodging over the shop, with fuel and light. Sometimes, also, they are provided with an assistant. I was told that most of these women were of good family, and I talked with one who was very intelligent, and spoke fluently in French. None of the many women in this employment

has ever taken a kopec from the monopoly, whereas there has been considerable loss through the dishonesty of men employees. Therefore women are generally preferred. In the country shops, the sum total of all the monopoly shops is about 1,900, the keepers are mostly men. It is necessary to maintain 2,000 collectors, who are principally from the peasant class, to gather in the accounts, and the money received in the shops and from licensed traktirs.

When de Witte first laid his scheme before the council of ministers, one made the objection that it would be impossible to trust the officials with so much money. To which he answered.

"I am quite sure that if an embezzlement happens, it will be among the higher official classes, rather than the lower." And his words have proved true. The humble officials have performed their tasks with remarkable honesty.

But interesting as are the methods of the Russian government in constituting itself sole manufacturer and seller of a product for which there is such an enormous universal demand, the essential point concerns attainment rather than the means employed. Has the Vodka Monopoly in Russia realized the prophecies of de Witte and his supporters?

I have an impression that false ideas prevail concerning the Russian national vice of drunkenness. It is a matter of fact that less liquor is consumed in Russia per capita than in England. Drink is more of a curse in Russia, then, not because the Russians as a nation drink more than any other people in the world, but because they drink more at a time. When the moujik drinks, he drinks to excess; he gets drunk and perhaps stays so indefinitely. Then he may be for weeks a sober abstainer. Of course, I speak of the general tendency, to which there are many exceptions.

Russia's great fascination for the rest of the world to-day lies partly in the fact that there is always something which seems to us

individual and out of the commonplace in the simplest acts of Russian every-day life, including even the unpicturesque subject of national potatoes. It is said that a fourth of the Russian year is composed of holidays and Sundays. Perhaps several of these

saints' days may come along together in harvest time when the delay of even a few hours may be fatal to the crops of some landed proprietor. But he knows better than to count on the work of his peasant laborers on these holy days of the church. The offer of double, treble or quadruple the ordinary wage will not move them. So when ruin stares the landlord in the face he finds only one way of obtain-

ing the necessary labor. He asks his peasants to come in and help as neighbors, to do it as a friendly act, and they do it willingly. The group of houses which compose the little commune is deserted, and the entire village troops out to help in the Barin's fields out of neighborly kindness. But there is one condition which is always understood on both sides; the Barin has enormous bottles standing in his storerooms for just such emergencies. Vodka must be literally on tap, and men and women (for they all work in the fields equally) drink all day as they work. The men go home drunk; for Russian country people have told me as an unaccountable fact that while the women often drink as much as the men, they seldom get drunk.

During holidays it is the regulation thing for the moujik to drink to excess, and generally a whole community will indulge at a time; and then be sober for a time. If this is more the result of social conditions than national temperament, much can be hoped for, and the monopoly seems to be proving it for us, for the government claims that by the imposition of its monopoly the consumption of vodka in Russia has not decreased (the figures show the reverse), but that it is equalized. That is to say, the moujik instead of going on a prolonged spree in a



A Government Vodka Shop in the Country.

public house, where he parts with all of his money, or instead of a whole community joining in carousals at intervals, each peasant buys his modicum of vodka regularly at the government shops, and is supposed to take it home and drink it soberly and decently in the bosom of his family. Generally speaking, this is what has happened. Heaven knows that I collected a most varied lot of testimony, but I found a good deal to bear out the official statements that in the governments where the monopoly had been longest in force more vodka was consumed than before, but that there was less drunkenness, and the peasants' savings in the government banks showed a marked increase. Of course, the question arises whether a larger but more even consumption is better than a smaller but at times more excessive indulgence. It would seem that Russia by inducing such a condition eliminates the difference in the manner of consumption between Russia and England, for instance, and this should remove the particular reproach which rests upon the Russian people of to-day.

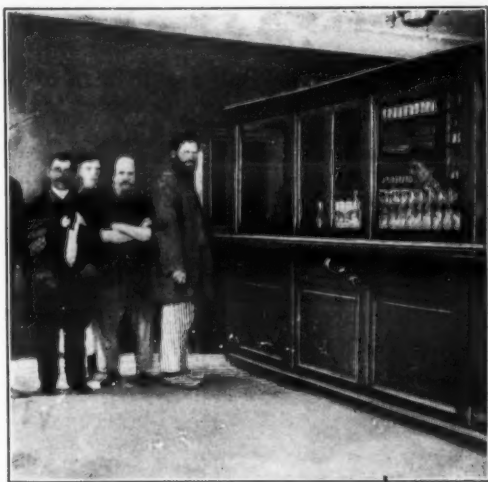
In the old days the peasant could not only sit in the village tavern and drink in convivial company, but he could get credit when his cash was exhausted. So long as he had a horse or a cow or an implement that stood for capital, the village tavern keeper was willing to give out vodka. Not a kopeck of credit is allowed in a government shop, though I have heard of infringements of this rule by some of the employees.

Complaints are made that the monopoly has established shops in certain communes where there had never been a tavern, and I know of several pathetic instances in which the members of the commune met and decided to abolish all liquor shops in their village, ordering a fine of 500 roubles for every peasant who violated their rule by selling so much as a measure of vodka. But perhaps even a government monopoly is as soulless as monopolies are reported to be; at any rate, the system which was carefully worked out in St. Petersburg must be applied in its entirety. If the powers of the monopoly decided that shops were to be stationed in

certain communes this was done regardless of the fact that the peasants had taken their own heroic stand on the question of temperance, and they have been obliged to see temptation placed again within the reach of their young men.

On the other hand, the powers that be have denied shops to other communes where they flourished before, and the peasants who dwell there are obliged to drive seven or eight versts to the nearest shop. A verst is two-thirds of a mile. Though they buy and take back with them bottles of the largest size, the consumption of vodka in that community must be more or less decreased for the time. But of course there is no guarantee that this state of affairs will continue, for the monopoly is a money-making machine for the Russian government, and it probably will, in the end, provide more liquor shops than ever existed in the old days.

I paid an interesting visit to one of these country vodka shops in the government of Tver, where the monopoly had been in force for only a few months. The shop was situated in the chief town of the volost—district—and was the central depot of the peasants for some versts around. I was with some

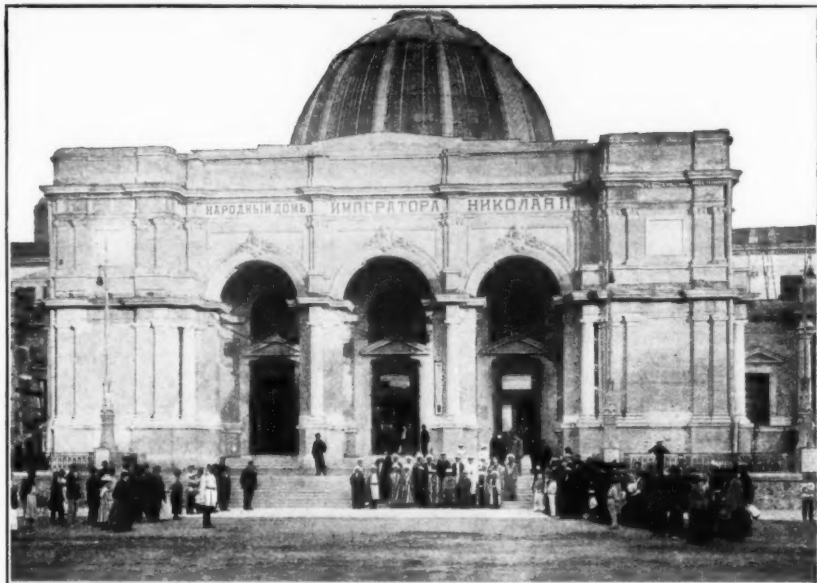


The Interior of a City Vodka Shop.

Russian friends, and through them I was able to talk with the shopkeeper, a clean, self-respecting peasant. He had already acted in this capacity for several years in the government of Pskov, where the monopoly had been in force longer—and he said

that there drunkenness had greatly decreased. He also went on to speak of the effect of the monopoly in the place in which he was now stationed, and said that on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, when a large fair is held in the town,

a certain amount of illicit manufacture and sale of spirits, though the government claims that the number of such deviations from the path of rectitude is proportionately small. In dealing with such cases, the law recognizes two classes of offenders. Those who



Narodny Dom (People's House) at St. Petersburg.

Several hundred of these houses of the people have been established in the various governments of Russia.

only five hundred dollars worth of vodka had been sold this year, whereas last year, before the monopoly's control four times that amount had been sold. This sounded specious enough, and impressed us as a bit of remarkable proof, when an old moujik, who had shuffled in with an empty bottle under his arm, joined in the conversation and gave us the additional information that the peasants had spent most of their stock of cash in laying in an enormous supply of vodka from the old traktirs just before the monopoly was enforced. This was a display of characteristic peasant cunning, a quality which has become a predominant feature of a people who never know what to expect from their government and officials, and also illustrates how difficult it is to collect trustworthy information.

In cases where the vodka shop is far removed from the commune there is, of course,

commit the less offense merely sell without license the government article still sealed up in the government bottles; the greater offense consists in the illicit private manufacture of vodka, and its sale. Those who do this are Russian moonshiners, and the law is after them.

How much of this sort of thing is carried on is, of course, impossible to say, but from conversations with people in the country, my personal opinion is that at present, at least, it offers but a small menace to the success of the system.

If the monopoly has on the whole begun to be of benefit to the Russian people by equalizing the amount of vodka which they drink—thus diminishing drunkenness—and enabling them to obtain it for less money, it has, like all wholesale reforms, brought much evil, and in many places more apparent drunkenness. Some of those who former-

ly drank themselves under the table in the traktir now attempt to imbibe the same amount on the sidewalk. One of the strongest points on the government side lies in the fact that the impress of the double eagle on the seal of a vodka bottle is an absolute guarantee of the purity of the contents. The vodka sold in the old days contained a good-sized percentage of the poisonous amyl spirits. In the purified product of the government factor this poison is reduced to almost nil, while the retail price of the purer product is to-day cheaper than before (in itself a doubtful blessing), whereas, the wholesale price is greater. The government claims with justice that the physical benefit to be derived from the consumption of a less poisonous article is one of the great advantages of the system. But even to this I found a curious objection. In a village I visited there lived a young peasant who was the sole support of his mother, and, alas! a drunkard. The amount of vodka which he could consume at one sitting was phenomenal. When the village tavern was superseded by the monopoly shop, he purchased the amount to which he was accustomed, and proceeded to drink it. Instant death followed, though there was before more poison in the raw absolute spirit, yet that spirit was so adulterated with water by the dishonest traktir keeper, that the mixture was not actually as harmful as the same amount of the pure vodka of the monopoly.

There is always the danger of a one-sided use of a two-edged sword like the monopoly. There are times when it redounds more to a statesman's credit to pour coin into a lean treasury than to give a moral uplift to millions; and in an official-ridden country like Russia, the danger of the abuse of any government system is always imminent.

The Open Air Restaurant at the Narodny Dom.



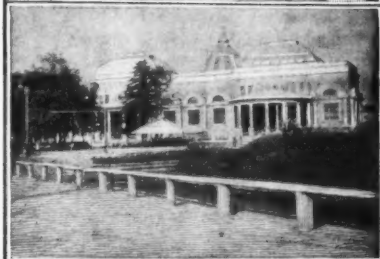
At the Gate of a Temperance Garden.



Types of Temperance Garden Patrons.



Rear of the Narodny Dom



Listening to an Open Air Concert in a Temperance Garden.



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But there is one splendid development of the monopoly which should win more faith for it as a factor for good than anything yet proved by the system itself. I refer to the temperance societies formed in connection with the monopoly, and their work. These

temperance societies must do much to neutralize any tendency to run the monopoly entirely for revenue. Since the year 1898, the government has divided certain sums among the temperance societies established in the governments where the monopoly is in

force. Beginning with a little over 1,500,000 roubles, the sum has mounted up to over 3,000,000 in 1901, and over 4,000,000 this year, out of the enormous revenue of over 200,000,000 which it receives from the monopoly. With this government money, added to more raised in other ways, the societies have established tea houses and cheap temperance restaurants to the number of 1,715; reading-rooms and circulating libraries, 1,201; lecture rooms, 654; Sunday-schools, 18; evening schools, 10; singing classes, 147; tea gardens and theatres, 503; halls for dancing, 346; Christmas trees, 30, and various other places of amusement, 150. These figures are for several years ago, and the number is now much larger. In St. Petersburg, parts of six public parks have been set aside for the people, and here are built open-air theatres, and concert halls with tables under the trees where the poor man and his family can sit during the warmer months at least and sip glasses of good tea for a few kopecs. Decidedly the most notable establishment of the kind in St. Petersburg is the Narodny Dom, or People's House—to translate it literally. From a certain point of view, I doubt if there is a more interesting place to visit in the entire capital. The Russians

are very justly proud of it. The Narodny Dom itself is a fine building of brick, which was put up for an exposition and then bought by the society for this purpose. Join the crowd that is surging up the steps any summer evening or on Sunday afternoon, and

when you reach the doors the sum of ten kopecs (five cents) will gain you admission to Elysium. The large stone-paved hall inside has a central dome lined with great maps of the various continents. Standing portraits of the Czar and Czarina



Spectators at an Open Air Performance in a Temperance Garden.

greet you on either side and at one end, towards the door which leads into the gardens, are small tables at which visitors may sit and order anything on the extensive but cheap bill of fare, cooked in a model kitchen. Besides tea, there is lemonade and other temperance drinks. As darkness falls, many colored lanterns are lit among the trees. There are several concerts and open-air performances to choose from, but many people prefer to walk up and down beneath the trees. Here are all classes of society, for the Narodny Dom has more than fulfilled the purpose for which it was planned. Moujiks in blouse and high boots, brush against bearded merchants. Young workmen wander arm in arm with their pretty sweethearts and not infrequently a dapper army officer with his wife may be seen in the throng. At eight o'clock the theatre within the building is thrown open, and a Russian opera or play is held. Certain places are free, and then there is an ascending scale of prices from ten kopecs up to a rouble and a half. The amount of good that these crowded places of amusement are doing is so obvious that it is not necessary to point it out. It warms one's heart toward de Witte and the Vodka Monopoly.

The Fortunes of Lal Faversham



III.

AFTER WORCESTER FIELD

FROM the dawn at Worcester of that disastrous Wednesday, the third of September of '51, until the noon of Thursday when I flung myself down, jaded and worn, in the woods near Newbury, it seemed to me that not of hours but of years were the things that had befallen me.

I had been one of the gallant troop that, led by our valiant liege himself, had ridden out from the Sidbury Gate and charged the rebels on Perry Wood with a fury that drove them hell-to-leather from their guns. I had been one of those who in that brief hour of exultation had turned eager eyes toward Leslie and his Scottish horse. I had seen the traitor watching us, muffled in his cloak, but stirring never a foot to complete for us the work of victory so well begun. And when, anon, Cromwell's Ironsides recovered and returned to scatter us down the hillside like leaves before an autumn breeze, and I knew that Worcester field was lost to us because Leslie had failed, in my heart I cursed that treacherous, Presbyterian Scot, as to-day—dead though he be—I curse his memory.

I had been one of the maimed and bleeding troop that had fled back to shelter within Worcester Gates, with guns belching hell upon us from behind. I was one of that last little knot that had hacked a way for the King through the Roundhead press about the Sidbury Gate, and at length—covered with blood and grime, yet with no worse a hurt than a pistol bullet through the fleshy part of my left arm—I had stood and heard the cry of "Save himself who can," in Worcester streets.

'Twas a miracle that I got clear of the town as night was closing in upon that shambles, and made my way along the Severn towards Gloucester. Like one demented, I rode, the fatigue of that hot day forgot-

ten. Once only did I pause, upon the brow of a hill, to breathe my horse, and rid myself of my back-and-breast which weighed upon me like a ton of iron. I flung the armor into a ditch, and for a moment I stood to listen. A night bird hooting in the distance was the only sound that broke the stillness. Overhead was a clear sky, and stars that twinkled bravely as though beneath them lay not hundreds of maimed bodies on Worcester field. The night air was pure and cool, and to breathe it was to gather strength. A hoofbeat in the distance startled me as though I had been a child, and in feverish haste I mounted again, and with bloody rowels urged my nag along. In my mind I carried the vague notion that I must reach Kent, where I had friends who, perchance, would aid me.

Guided by the outline of the Cotwold Hills, I rode on towards Cirencester until—after midnight—my martyred brute stopped, shuddered and fell beneath me. For some few hours I slept in the shelter of a hedge, a sleep from which I awakened shuddering, for in my dreams I had seen again the horrors of the day before. The steely gray of dawn was in the sky, and my limbs were numb and cold.

I found a horse grazing in a field—a poor, sorry nag—and on its back I set the saddle of my fallen charger. And so, with that stolen animal betwixt my knees, I rode on at an ambling pace, and sunrise found me at Lechlade. It was my purpose to ride boldly into Wantage to seek a breakfast, but when by the full light of day I again beheld in what sad plight stood my appearance, I recalled the perils by which I was beset and altered my direction despite the hunger that cried out within me. I forsook the roads, and, having crossed the Thames, I went by fields and woods until some three hours be-

fore noon that melancholy horse would go no further. Leaving it, I dragged myself wearily into the shelter of a neighboring wood.

Guided by the murmur of waters, I crawled along until presently I came upon a shallow stream splashing merrily along in the sunlight that fell upon it through the half-denuded trees. I flung myself prone, and like an animal I lowered my head until I could reach the water. I drank—God, how I drank! No draught of muscadine came ever sweeter to my lips. And when at length my thirst was quenched I bathed my face and head, then stripping off my coat I bared my left arm and plunged it in to the shoulder. A while I lay thus, cooling the fever of my wounded limb, then gathering myself up again I crawled a pace or two away, and lay down exhausted upon a bed of fallen leaves. And there, jaded and worn, with never a thought of what might betide, I fell asleep.

I awakened with a start to find the sunlight gone from the water and the long shadows cast athwart it by the trees, bespeaking evening. Something rustled behind me. I turned sharply and the unexpected sight of a human figure had almost wrung a cry from me, when I saw that 'twas no more than a girl. A little slip of golden-headed womanhood it was, of some twenty years at most, with a winsome face and merry blue eyes that looked down upon me half saucily, half timidly. Her kirtle and gown were of a simple, homely pattern, yet not wholly unpretentious. In her hand she held a ribbon whereby hung her hat, and this she swung to and fro as she surveyed me.

"Oddslife, child," I cried at last, "you made my awakening a rude one. What o'clock is it?"

"Past six, sir," she replied, composedly. Then running her eye over my dusty and disordered apparel, my great boots and spurs, my plumed hat and lengthy sword, and noting mayhap the gold lace upon the coat that lay beside me, and last of all the haggard face that was turned to hers, her curiosity must have been aroused. "Whence come you, sir?" she asked, and in a breath she added, "You are not from Newbury?"

"Newbury, girl?" I echoed, fastening upon the word. "Why talk you of Newbury, am I near the place?"

"'Tis but a mile or so away."

I struggled to rise, and inadvertently put forth my wounded arm. I gasped as a sharp twinge of pain shot through it.

"You are hurt, sir," exclaimed the maid, coming nearer.

For all reply, I tore aside the bloodstained cambric sleeve and laid bare the wound, which now bled anew. 'Twas a mere nothing, as I have said, but the blood gave it an ugly look, and my little maid went white to the lips at the sight of it. Yet controlling her feelings bravely, she ran to the stream, and dipping her kerchief in the water, she returned and bathed the swollen limb, and when that was done she made shift to bandage it. And as she knelt beside me, her deft fingers busy at her Samaritan's work—

"'Tis said a great battle was fought at Worcester yesterday," quoth she, and methought her eyes looked at me inquiringly.

"Yesterday!" I repeated. "Was it but yesterday? Yes, yes, 'twas yesterday, child."

Those eyes of hers grew round at that. "You cannot have been there," she murmured, half questioningly. "You could not have come so far since then."

"Say you so——" I began, then remembering that I knew not to whom I spoke, I stopped abruptly, whereupon she pursed up her pretty lips.

"You are afraid to speak, sir. What do you fear?" she cried, petulantly. "I am but a woman."

"So, madam, was Delilah."

"Go your ways, sir," she answered, rising with a pretty show of indignation. "Had I known with what a churl I dealt I had not wasted charity upon your arm."

For all my sudden mistrust, I grew sorely alarmed lest she should leave me where I lay. So before she was gone three steps from my side, I had struggled to my knees.

"Sweet mistress, forgive me," I begged. "Pity the plight of a poor, hunted cavalier, who, did an angel come down from heaven to minister to his wants, would suspect it of being in league with Cromwell."

She stopped and turned again, and her gentle eyes were full of pity. "You are that, sir?" she asked.

"I am that, child," I answered. "I am a Kentish gentleman, Lionel Faversham by name, who fought yesterday beside his King on Worcester field; a poor, unfortunate cavalier, whose head is worth a handful of guineas to any one who may care to deliver it to the bottle-nosed Lord General."

Thus was our peace made, and my heart beat joyously at the news that her father—a farmer in those parts—was secretly a royalist, and that in his house I might count upon a welcome shelter until I had gathered

strength to resume my journey towards Chichester. She sat down beside me by the brook, and there by this wise child's advice we waited until night had fallen. At last we ventured forth, and albeit the distance was but half a mile or so, it was to me a weary journey. Our way lay across a meadow from which we passed by a gate into a garden, and stood at length in the shadow of a large and not unimposing house.

The gate clicked behind us, and as if those within had been on the alert, the door was opened, and in the flood of light that fell from it a burly figure was outlined on the threshold.

"Is it you, Kate?" came a man's deep voice, adding, as she ran forward, some mild reproof touching her long absence. This and my presence needed explanation, and that she set about giving her father. But no sooner did the yeoman learn my quality, my condition and whence I came, than cutting her explanations short he drew me into the house and closed the door. I stood before a huge fire, in a roomy kitchen, blinking like an owl in the light that smote my eyes, and listening with not a little emotion to the burly farmer's cheery welcome.

I thanked him becomingly, and when that

was done he plied me with questions touching yesterday's battle, until in the end——

"I have fasted these forty hours and more, good Master Melland," said I, "and for the sake of him who fasted forty days, I pray you wait until I have eaten."

They set me at table, and the honest fellow and his good dame stood by to minister

to my wants, while in a corner sat Kate and her little sister who with curious eyes watched the gaunt stranger, marveling, I doubt not, at the ravenous fashion in which he ate.

The meal done, Melland brought forth a black jack and set me in the corner seat by the hearth and there I rested, pervaded by a delicious sense of well-being, such as seemed never before to have been mine. Anon my host renewed his questions, whereupon, with the yeoman, his wife and his two children for as rapt an



"'Twas no more than a girl."

audience as ever rejoiced the heart of storyteller, I related to them how Worcester had been fought and lost, the horrors that I had witnessed, and that which in my flight I had undergone.

Next morning found me sick and feverish and unable to quit my bed. No doctor dared they summon to my bedside, and so 'twas Mistress Melland herself who tended me.

But the fever waxed, and for days I lay unconscious, a source of no light anxiety to those at the Knoll Farm.

At the end of three weeks, thanks to the unflagging care bestowed upon me by Mistress Melland and Kate, I was sufficiently recovered to quit my bed and sit a while in my chamber. But I was monstrous weak, and another week sped by before I dared venture out of doors. Thereafter my strength returned apace, until one day, in the early part of October, I drew my host aside and after expressing to him some little measure of the gratitude that filled my heart, I added that methought 'twas time I should push on to Chichester and the friends upon whose help I counted. But the burly yeoman flouted the idea. I was not yet strong enough, and it was a long ride for one in my condition. There was no cause to hasten thus. At the Knoll Farm I was safe, he urged, and there, in the end, he persuaded me to tarry yet a while until my journey might be undertaken without risk.

Later, on that same day, Melland came to me with a suit of sad-colored garments and a steeple hat such as Puritans affected.

"Mr. Faversham," said he in apologetic tones, "I am taking a great liberty. That gold-laced coat of yours savors too much of the cavalier to pass unobserved in so humble a house as mine."

"But who is there to observe it, my good Melland?" I laughed.

His face grew very serious.

"There is one coming to-day who might look upon it with disfavor—one Colonel Jackson of the Roundhead army, and so, if you'll forgive the liberty, methought it wise to bring you these somber clothes so that you may don them should you so think fit."

"But this Colonel Jackson," I asked, "what does he seek at the Knoll?"

"He is the son of a neighboring farmer, and for years—since his childhood—he has been wont to come and go here as he listeth. Myself I prize his sour looks but little, yet he is too dangerous a man nowadays to make an enemy of."

"Well, well," I broke in with a laugh, "he shall find me as thorough a Roundhead as ever sang litanies to St. Satan. Give me these godly clothes, Melland."

"And your hair?"

"What of it?"

"If you should see fit to crop it——"

"Go your ways, man," I cried, shaking out the sable locks that fell about my shoulders. "Would you disfigure me to please

this crop-eared colonel? Not a lock of it will I touch—no, not for your Lord General himself."

And to that I held, and for all that I donned those somber garments, my hair I left untouched.

Arrayed in that devil's livery I sat taking the air in the garden that afternoon, when Kate came out and stood with her head on one side surveying me mockingly.

"Come hither, Kate," I commanded, with ironical sternness. "Come hither and deride not the godliness of my appearance. See you this letter, child?" And I drew a package from my pocket.

She nodded and came nearer.

"That you may know how great is the service I require of you, let me tell you, Kate, that it is to a lady in Inverness—a lady who may some day—unworthy though I be—do me the honor to become my wife. I doubt she is anxious to learn what hath befallen me, and I would have this letter reach her without delay. Will you see to it, Kate? Myself I dare not venture into Newbury upon such an errand."

She took the letter and gazed abstractedly at the superscription.

"I will go forthwith," was all she said, and left me to sit and dream of sweet Margaret Fitzmoris, whom for three months I had not seen, and who, since the Worcester disaster, seemed further removed from me than ever. My thoughts were not pleasant, yet not altogether gloomy, and deeply absorbed in them, I sat there for an hour or more, until the click of the gate aroused me.

It was Kate returning from Newbury, and the accomplishing of my mission. I thanked her, and she sat upon the bench beside me. A while we sat in silence, then:

"Is Mistress Margaret very beautiful?" she asked, abruptly.

I turned to look at her, marveling at her question. Then I laughed as I bethought me of what interest such matters are to a woman.

"Beautiful, Kate?" I cried. "Stay, you shall form your own opinion, and drawing from my bosom the little jeweled picture my lady had given me, I held it before her. For a long minute she looked intently upon my Margaret's sweet face, then she cried:

"How you must love her!"

"May you be loved some day, child, as truly and loyally as I love her. Some day, perchance, she may know you and thank you for all that you have done for her lover,

more fittingly than my clumsy tongue can thank you, little friend."

I patted her hand affectionately as I spoke, for indeed I had grown fond of winsome Kate. She smiled a half sad little smile, and her eyes looked moist. She was

about to speak when the gate clicked. I looked up sharply, to behold a tall, gaunt man in black approaching us. One glance at that funereal figure was enough to tell me that this was the expected Colonel Jackson. He was a man of some twenty-five years of age, whose pale, thin face was rendered more somber even than nature had designed it by the shadows that fell on it from his broad-brimmed steeple hat. His eyes were deep-set and

red-rimmed, and his nose the bill of a bird of prey; his mouth wide, thin-lipped and cruel. Altogether, he was a damnable-looking knave, and from the moment that I beheld him I believe I hated him. Such feelings are oft reciprocal, and the glance he bestowed upon me was not one of love.

In a surly tone he gave my companion greeting in the Lord, and in an unmannerly fashion inquired my name of her.

"'Tis Master Turner," she answered, "'a friend of my father's."

"And of thine, wench?"

"And of mine," she replied, calmly, whereupon he scowled at me in a manner that gave me a clew to his presence at the Knoll.

"Master Turner," quoth he, speaking

through his nose, "thine hair savors much of vanity."

Now, I am not by nature a forbearing man. Hard words might have fallen and harder blows followed but that I caught Kate's eye, and was restrained by her

imploping glance. Still, I set my hat at a "d—n me" cock that gave the lie to my garments, and twirling my mustachios I boldly eyed that surly carle.

"In that Bible at thy girdle, Master Jackson," quoth I, "thou'lt find a parable touching a Pharisee and a Publican which, well digested, may afford thee profit."

Having no answer ready, he eyed me in disdainful silence, whereupon deeming the atmosphere grown dangerous, I

left him. I met him again at supper that night, and often during the days that followed. The motive of his visits was not long a mystery to me. He came a-wooing, and little Kate was his quarry. That wooing of his was like no other that I have ever seen. He pressed his suit with lines from Holy Writ, and where a lover would have waxed poetical, he cited texts and proverbs.

That Kate detested him was soon apparent, as also that she feared him not a little, and in my heart I wished her rid of him. One morning—the fourth after his coming—from my window, which overlooked the garden, I heard high words out there betwixt them, and from what I caught I gathered that I was the cause of their dissension, and that this singer of psalms was jealous.



"I turned to look at her, marveling at her question."

Their quarrel gave me an idea, which later in the day I took to Kate.

"Little friend," said I, "I owe you much, and if in some slight measure I might serve you by ridding you of this crop-eared plague, say but so and the thing is done."

"How?" she cried. "You could rid me of him?"

"Can I?" I echoed. "Why, rat me, child, it hath been said that Lal Faversham plays the prettiest sword in England."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, with a shudder. "I did not understand you. You must not think of it. Promise me that you will not, Mr. Faversham."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I'll think of it no more. Yet should you change your mind, and find him growing past endurance, command me as a brother."

'Twould seem, however, that not only in my mind but in that also of Master Jackson was the thought begotten that a little sword-play might afford us some diversion. He came to me that evening whilst I sat by the fire, and resting his elbow upon the overmantel he scowled down upon me.

"Art like to remain long at Knoll, Master Turner?"

"Longer I doubt than will give thee pleasure," I answered pertly, stretching my legs as I spoke.

"Damnation have thee!" he cried, forgetting himself in his jealous passion.

"Hum. For a Puritan thou hast a passing nimble tongue. Hath the prophet no text whereby thou might'st have damned me with more godliness?"

"Have a care, Master Turner," he snarled, growing livid.

"A care of what, sirrah?" I retorted, springing up. "Dost threaten me?"

"I am no vain boaster to threaten men," he answered, with more restraint. "I do but warn thee to have a care, Master Turner—if indeed," he added, with a cunning leer, "*Turner be thy name.*"

"Oddsfish!" I cried, impetuously, "did you but know my name I warrant me you would bear yourself less boldly."

Scarce were the words uttered than I realized their indiscretion, and looked to Colonel Jackson for an explosion. Instead, however, the Puritan's face grew blank with surprise, and in his eyes was the look of a man who has stumbled upon a great discovery.

I could not guess that his suspicions set upon a spoor by my hint of an identity that should command respect, and by the royal oath that I had made use of, had traveled

over my long, lank figure, my black love-locks, and my swart countenance, bringing him to the conviction that before him stood none other than Charles Stuart, since these particulars vaguely agreed with the description given of the royal fugitive. But learning all this in the light of that which befell thereafter, I can measure Master Jackson's surprise, and marvel not that for a moment it left him speechless. Then recovering himself:

"I profess 'tis no more than I suspected—thou art a malignant. I am no tipstaff, Master Turner; yet endurance hath its bounds; if in four days thou art still at the Knoll or in the neighborhood I shall arrest thee. Be warned and be grateful for a generosity greater than thou deservest."

'Twas a speech well conceived to deaden my alarm, and—fool that I was—I let his treacherous cunning cozen me, and rested satisfied that for four days he would take no action.

The day was Monday; I resolved that on the following Wednesday I would depart. Had I been possessed of a grain of wit I had quitted the Knoll that very night. Instead, I set about making ready for my departure with all ease and leisure. On the morrow I commissioned Melland to purchase me a horse, and that same day he brought me a stout sorrel for which I paid him twenty caroluses.

Of Master Jackson I saw but little, for albeit he was ever at the Knoll, it became our endeavor to avoid each other.

Wednesday's sun rose and set, and for the last time I found myself at supper at Master Melland's hospitable board. One hour more had I to spend 'neath the roof that had so long sheltered me, and of which I shall carry to my grave a memory laden with gratitude and affection. I sat spurred and booted, and in the stable my horse awaited me, ready saddled for the night journey we were going.

Opposite to me sat the colonel, a leer of triumphant mockery on his face, begotten, methought, of his joy at my departure. Melland was speaking, when of a sudden a tramp of feet without came to startle us. It was the regular tramp of trained bands, and in the sound there was something ominous and menacing. It was followed by a knock that was like the blow of a weapon against the door.

In silence Melland rose and went to open, giving me in passing a look that was eloquent with fear. Mistress Melland, Kate

and her sister Betty looked on with white faces, but said no word. Jackson alone remained calm, that sinister smile upon his lipless mouth. In a flash, it came to me that he had betrayed me, but before I could voice my discovery the door was opened and on the threshold stood a short, fat man. The sight of that portly figure and vulgar face with its great red nose brought me to my feet in an instant, and a madness seemed to fire my blood—'twas the arch fiend, Cromwell, himself!

"Greeting to all in God's name!" he exclaimed, in a deep, sonorous voice. My answer was to snatch a knife from the table, and fling myself in a blind access of rage towards that loathsome murderer.

But scarce had I taken two steps when, from behind, a couple of arms caught me about the middle; a leg was thrust around mine, and tripped, I fell, with Master Jackson on top of me. Before I could realize what had chanced, I was on my feet again with a trooper on either side of me, and my hands pinioned behind me. For a moment Cromwell eyed me with a glance of cold contempt.

"Who is this that cometh betwixt the lion and his prey?" quoth he in a voice of thunder.

"'Tis he," answered Jackson, "the young man Charles Stuart."

"This, Charles Stuart," returned Cromwell, in accents of mingled scorn and rage. "Is it on a fool's errand thou hast brought me hither?"

"If you came to find King Charles," I put in, "your errand was indeed a fool's, Master Oliver. His Majesty, whom God befriended, is in France."

"Thou liest!" he blazed.

"You would not dare say so if my hands were untied, you bottle-nosed brewer," I retorted, contemptuously.

"How shall I deal with him to stop his ribald tongue?" cried Jackson.

The Lord General's baleful eye rested coldly on me for a moment.

"What is thy name, fellow?" he asked.

"Lionel Faversham," I answered, recklessly, "gentleman-in-waiting to His Majesty, King Charles the Second, and lately a captain in His Majesty's army at Worcester."

"The which," he added, "by a crowning mercy of the Lord of Hosts has been scattered as the Philistines were scattered." Then in a sterner voice, "Deal with him as Aman was dealt with, Jackson. Take two men and hang him to the first tree—

Stay," he amended. "I will be the destroyer of no man's soul. Let him have till day-break to make his peace with God."

I lay that night in Newbury gaol, listening to the chiming of a neighboring clock by which I reckoned the approach of eternity. I fear me that I did no praying. My course was run, and methought that to seek by a few hours' supplication—because, forsooth, I lacked all other occupation—to make amends for so many mis-spent years, were little short of an impertinence. I thought much indeed of my sweet Margaret, in far off Inverness, and but for that thought I might have looked with indifference upon my end. Death and I were no strangers, and after all, to die, I take it, is the chief purpose for which man is born.

A thought or two I bestowed also upon Kate, and I wondered would the gentle child shed a tear for the poor soldier of fortune she had befriended to so little purpose.

Day broke at length, and a bell tolled somewhere in the prison or the neighborhood, I know not which. There was a drawing of bolt and a clatter of keys. The time was come. Heigho! No more remained but to give these crop-ears a lesson in the art of dying.

The door opened and a man bearing a lanthorn entered my cell followed by another wrapped in a cloak. I rose and bowed.

"Your servant, gentlemen," said I. "I am ready."

Guided by that silent couple I marched down a long corridor, marveling that there should be no troopers to escort me; but then these Puritans have strange conceits.

"A chilly morning, my friends," I murmured.

"Knows thy ribald tongue no peace, even in such an hour as this?" came Jackson's voice from the folds of the cloak.

"So! 'Tis thou, O crop-eared son of Israel!" I answered.

"Peace," he snarled, whilst he of the lanthorn opened a door on our right, and signed to me to enter. Marveling, I did as I was bidden; then the door was closed and locked upon me, and I found myself in another cell.

I sat down and waited. Moments went by, and presently there came the tramp of feet and clatter of arms. At last, I told myself. But they marched past my door and on in the direction of the cell that I had quitted. I heard them halt, then a piercing shriek reached me. Presently I heard them

returning, and with them one whose cries and blasphemies curdled my blood as I listened. Clearly there was another execution at Newbury that morning.

The bell tolled on and on, and at length ceased. Still I waited. The sun rose, and yet none came for me. Anon a gaoler brought me some coarse food and a beaker of water. I questioned him, but he answered naught. And thus the day wore on and evening followed. Weary, I stretched myself upon my pallet, and despite the suspense that held me, I went to sleep.

I awakened with the glare of a lanthorn in my eyes to find beside me the same two figures that had visited me at daybreak.

In surly tones, Jackson bade me rise and go with him, and I thinking that another day had dawned and that at length he was come to lead me to execution, sat up and drew on my boots. Then rising—for I had lain down fully dressed—I professed myself ready. We quitted the cell and proceeded along a corridor and down a flight of steps, and by a doorway we emerged into a courtyard. The sky was black overhead; so black that turning to Jackson I asked him what o'clock it was, and received the answer that it wanted an hour to midnight.

A moment later we were in the street—alone; and this following upon those words of his begot in my mind a suspicion and a hope.

"What doth this mean, Master Jackson?" I asked. "Whither go we?"

"Thou shalt learn presently," was the graceless answer.

We turned the corner of a street, and in the gloom I discerned the outline of a horse, and a human figure that suddenly advanced toward us.

"Kate!" I cried, springing forward. "Is it you again, little friend? Have you moved the stony heart of this Puritan to gain my liberty?"

"It may be that my prayers have had some little weight with him. To him it is, however, that your thanks are due for your liberty. He is saving your life at the peril of his own."

"Zounds, Master Jackson," quoth I, holding out my hand, "I crave your pardon for the injustice that in my thoughts I have done you. My thanks——"

"I seek them not," he broke in, churlishly. "The hour grows late, Master Faversham, and your journey is a long one. Yonder stands your horse. Mount and begone, and see that you tarry not in England."

Amazed by so strange a mixture of churlishness and generosity, I made shift to follow his advice. I bade farewell to little Kate, and left her, in memory of one she had served and in earnest of the gratitude that should ever fill my heart, a little ring—the only trinket that I had about me. Then I girt on my sword—which they had also brought me—and mounting my sorrel, started at length upon my way to Chichester.

Following their directions, I rode through Newbury streets, until of a sudden a voice hailed me with a "Who goes there?"

"A friend," I answered, and would have passed on but a hand was laid upon my bridle.

"Master Faversham, in God's name go no further until you have heard me." It was the voice of Tony—a servant at the Knoll Farm, and a Papist. Therefore, one who out of his hatred for Roundheads was my friend. His earnest accents and the strange fact that he should lie in wait for me, commanded a hearing, and so I bade him speak.

He besought me to accompany him to a hostelry whose landlord was his friend, and nothing loath, since a stirrup cup would be right welcome, I fell in with his proposal. He roused the host of the Black Horse Inn, and bade my nag be cared for, saying to me that when I had heard his news I would go no further that night.

In deep amazement, I followed the lad to a room of the hostelry.

"Forgive my freedom, Mr. Faversham," he began, "but know you the price that is being paid for your liberty?"

"Price, fellow?" I echoed.

"Aye, sir—price," he repeated. And forthwith he told me that, which but for the witless fool I was, I should have suspected. He told me that to purchase my liberty Mistress Kate had consented to become the wife of Jackson. The colonel had offered to save my life, naming his price, and this she had consented to pay. The governor of Newbury gaol stood for some reason in awe of him, and consented to close his eyes whilst the thing was done. The gaoler he had bribed with fifty pounds, and they had removed me from my cell half an hour before the time appointed for the execution, substituting a poor wretch lying also under sentence of death. Him Jackson had hanged in the presence of the two troopers Cromwell had left him and they duped by drowsiness, sloth, and the gray half-light of dawn, had suspected naught. To Cromwell, Jack-

son had sent by one of them the message that Lionel Faversham had suffered death.

Tony had overheard the bargain driven by Jackson, and the details that I have set down, and had determined to frustrate his plans if possible. With what mingled emotions I listened to him you may well conceive.

"Leave me, good Tony," I exclaimed. "I swear to you by my honor that Mistress Kate shall not be sacrificed. I hold Master Jackson in the hollow of my hand."

I lay at the Black Horse that night, and next morning I rode out of Newbury betimes, and followed the Kennet for half a mile or so in the direction of Colonel Jackson's house. But I was spared the trouble of going there to seek him, for of a sudden a turn of the road brought me face to face with the Roundhead himself, riding in the opposite direction. He changed countenance upon beholding me.

"Art mad, Master Faversham," he gasped, "that I find you here when you should be far on your way to the coast?"

"I am not riding to the coast at present," I answered, coldly. "Whither I turn my horse's head depends upon yourself, for unless I find you reasonable, and docile as a godly man should be, London is my destination."

"London!"

"Aye, man, London—Whitehall. Nay, stare not so. I shall but go to tell your ruby-nosed Lord Protector that the godly son of Israel, Colonel Jackson, is a perjured liar, who whilst sending him word that he had hanged the malignant Faversham for attempting his august life did, in fact, let that godless follower of Charles Stuart go free. How say you, Master Jackson, will not my presence bear ample witness to my words, and will not your Cromwell rise up and say, 'Verily thy feet are beautiful upon the mountain, Oh, bearer of good tidings?'"

Very white was Colonel Jackson's face, and very baleful his eyes. "Is it thus thou repayest me for the gift of thy life?"

"You looked for payment of another sort, and in another quarter, eh? As for this life of mine, I scorn the gift at your hands, and had I known the price that was being paid you, I had refused to quit Newbury gaol."

"What is the price to thee? What is the wench to thee?"

"One who befriended me in my hour of need. No more than that—but less than

that shall she be to you, for, as God lives, Master Jackson, either you swear to me upon the Book to forego the payment you had exacted, and to press your hateful suit no further, or I go straight to Whitehall. You have reckoned for once without your host, Master Jackson. Come, make your choice."

"I have no choice to make," he answered, passionately. "I will not choose. Dismount, sir, and let us end this matter now and for all time."

"Right willingly," I cried, "since to die will please you better."

And so it befell that we faced each other in a meadow by the wayside. At any other season I should have held it a dishonor to cross swords with him. For a knave of his base origin a gentleman had a cane. But the times were all topsy-turvy, and one had scant leisure for niceties.

His onslaught was ponderous as a charge of cavalry, and as clumsy. The hoe was the weapon nature destined him to wield, and had he not exchanged it for the sword, he might have lived to old age.

At the third disengage I slipped his guard, and got my point into him in the region of his heart. For a second he writhed, then fell in a heap—stone dead.

I lingered not, but wiping my blade, I straightway got to horse again and rode off. At a crossroads, half a mile away, I came upon Tony, who, doffing his cap, came forward.

"You have seen the colonel?" he asked.

"Ay, I have seen him, Tony."

"What says he?"

"At present, naught—unless he be quoting Holy Writ to the devil."

"You have——"

"He would have it so," I deprecated.

"We fought in the meadow yonder, where you'll find his carrion if you have a mind to."

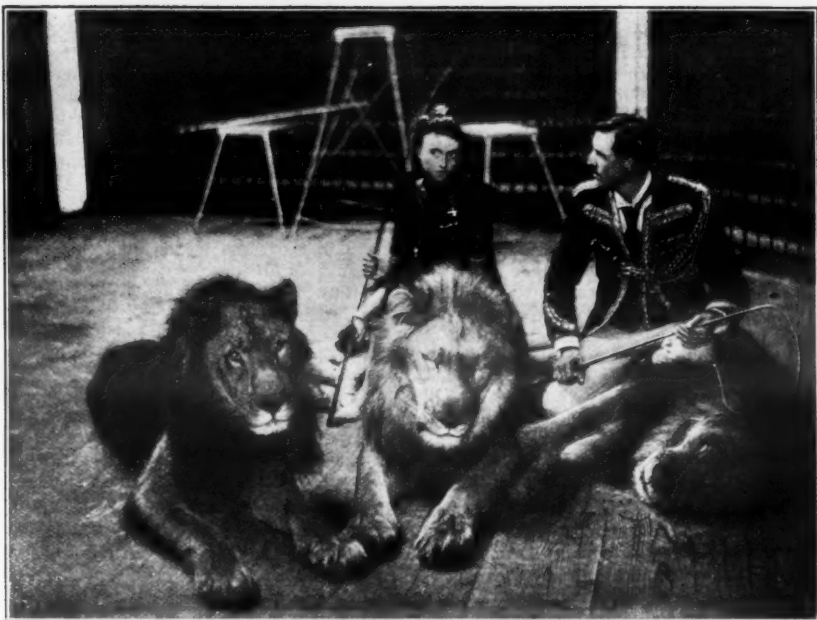
The lad shuddered and for a second he was silent. Then:

"You'll go to the Knoll, sir?"

"I think not, Tony. 'Tis best I should get hence without delay. You'll tell Mistress Kate that she need no longer pay the noble price she offered for my life—a price too high by far for a thing so worthless. Fare you well, Tony."

I wrung his hand, leaving ten caroluses in his grasp, then, driving deep my spurs, I rode on.

(The next story of this series will appear in Ainslee's for February.)



Three Full Grown Performing Lions.

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

IT has been said—and it sounds as if a young man just out of college had said it—that the American people really care for only two things: Money and excitement. However this may be, it is evident that while we like money for what it will buy and the distinction that its possession confers, we admire excitement for itself alone. We demean ourselves to toil at the workbench and at the desk, knowing that Saturday night will soon come, and that then it will be hard to tell us from those who have had their money given to them, and whose uselessness we envy from the bottom of our hearts. If you cannot be rich by inheritance the next best thing is to have money given to you for doing something that is of no living use on earth, to provide excitement rather than to produce wealth. Thus it is that we dote on actors and authors, and soldiers, and prize-fighters, and mind-readers, and mental healers, while we sneer at those

who make their money "in trade." Thus it is that the romantic life, though offering a smaller financial reward than the commercial life, is held in highest esteem. Thus it is that the president of the national bank looking out of his window at the circus parade going by sees only the public's back while the man in show clothes riding in the open cage with lions at his feet sees only the public's admiring face. The president of the bank is the more useful man, but he is very small potatoes beside Herr Alexander.

I suppose that no phase of the romantic life is more appealing to the sense of wonder, more potent to compel the staring eye, the amazed and hanging jaw, the envious sigh and the involuntary "Gosh!" than the career of the lion tamer. As much excitement as the most of us common cowards can endure is to stand beyond the reach of the paw of one of those bloodthirsty brutes

and to look at him "close to." If we were that near to him out in the jungle, his eyes glaring and his tail slowly waving— A delicious cold shiver capers up and down our backbones at the thought. But to walk right into the door of a cage full of lions and to kick one of them in the ribs with a "Hyste over there, you!" and to make them jump through hoops and pose in groups— Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; we humble ourselves as a child that is weaned. We know that we could do as well as the theatre actors if we had a chance, and that if the show actors are limberer than we are it is because they were rubbed with snake oil when they were little. We can cure headaches now by making passes, and if we practiced up a little we could soon heal all other diseases. We possess the power of mind-reading to a certain extent now and can find hidden articles if the blindfold isn't tied too tight, but we feel that the power to abash these denizens of the African desert by the steadfast gaze of the eye has been denied us. We lack the courage to walk into the den and kick lions in the ribs, knowing how ferocious they are, and how likely we should be to get our clothes mussed.

Now, the fact of the matter is that it does not require any more courage to do all these things than it does to take care of ordinary farm stock. A bull is a tolerably dangerous animal, and a stallion will kill a man if he gets a chance. I had about as lief go into the cage of a lioness with her whelps as into a pen with a sow and her pigs. The cleaners of menagerie cages go about their work as unconcernedly when they get used to it as stable hands, and about as safely. I don't know which calls for more patience and firmness, even temper and

rigid justice, training wild animals or teaching a boys' school.

First off, I suppose we shall have to rid ourselves of the notion that looking a lion in the eye will break his proud spirit and send him slinking into a corner embarrassed to death. I have tried to stare lions out of countenance—from this side of the bars, of course—and they stood it for as much as five minutes before they turned away with a supercilious expression that seemed to say: "Well, I hope you'll know me next time you see me. The idea of that whiffet trying to make a mash on me!" I am convinced that in those five minutes, if I had been inside the cage, I should have been completely unfitted for business.

Another notion is that wild animals are unreasonably afraid of fire. They are not more afraid of fire than of any other strange thing, and when they learn how it can



The Trick Elephant.

hurt— Well, even we will move over the least little bit to avoid a red-hot poker.

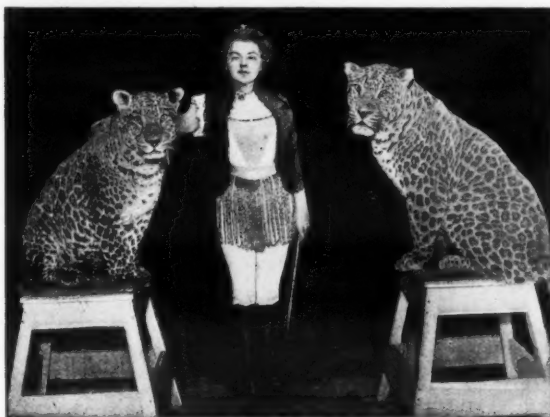
There have been great improvements in the art of training wild animals within the last few years. Merely to go into the cage and hold its occupants at bay for a few minutes while attendants with sizzling hot bars stood ready to thrust them in and quell an outbreak was considered the top-notch of achievement not so very long ago. But nowadays they build big cages in which there is room for lions and tigers to do all sorts of tricks, even to riding on horseback, and many feats are now performed that would have been scouted as impossible ten years ago.

I had heard that this was because so many more wild beasts had been reared in captivity. They had become used to the sight of men, and, never having been out nights, they did not know what a wild life meant. I talked this over with Mr. William M. Snyder, who has charge of the animals in Central Park, particularly the elephants, and who has had a long and varied experience in breaking all kinds of creatures for

is the same with them as it is with us. Familiarity breeds contempt. A lion right out of the jungle is scared half to death by everything around him here, and can be cowed into doing what you want easier than a cub that has always seen men and does not know that they can hurt him. As far as being gentler is concerned, savageness is part of their nature. I have seen lion cubs with their eyes just opened that would spit and strike at you as viciously as any grown-up jungle beast. By the way, lions open their eyes within three or four days after birth. Domestic kittens don't open theirs short of from eight to twelve days. That's something you won't find in the books. Another thing, the books say that a young lion doesn't begin to grow a mane until he is three years old. I have seen the mane start when they were less than a year old.

"About tigers' cubs I do not know so much. Some have been born in cages, but they have not lived to grow up. I don't think there are any leopards born in captivity. I know that only two baby elephants have been born in this country, Columbia,

by Mandarin out of Babe, in 1880, and Bridgeport, by Chief out of Queen, in 1882. Just to show you how the parents' disposition is transmitted to the offspring, Mandarin and Babe were gentle and tractable, and you could teach Columbia to do almost anything except read. Chief and Queen were the two meanest elephants that ever ate hay, and Bridgeport was meaner than both of them put together. I've seen him knock people over when he wasn't any more than so high. He died in 1885 of water on the brain.



A Tableau of Leopards.

circus performances. He laughed the notion to scorn.

"We have learned how to breed these wild animals in captivity," he said. "It is largely a matter of giving them the food and the opportunity they have in their natural state. The only advantage aside from the added information about their life history has been that they come cheaper to raise than to capture. They aren't a bit tamer. They aren't so easy to manage. It

"So you see, that except for lions there aren't many wild beasts born in captivity, and I had as lief undertake to train a jungle beast as one born here—a little rather, in fact, because it would be easier to throw a scare into him."

I gathered from Mr. Snyder's remarks that it was highly inadvisable to go into the cage to begin the training of a lion cub before it has been weaned, and even then it is necessary to proceed with circumspection.



A Royal Family and Their Mistress.

This seems reasonable. In the care of young lions it is well to feed them a little meat before they are weaned, being careful not to give them enough to cause fits. The best thing is to put in rabbits or chickens, so that they may have the fun of catching them and eating them all hot, thus getting the good of the blood and the lime from the small bones. But if rabbits and chickens are thought too expensive the needed material for bone building may be supplied by sprinkling phosphate of lime on the meat. In this way the disgrace of rearing bow-legged lions may be averted. Cats, such as lions, tigers and leopards, cannot get much good from crunching big beef bones because they cannot crack them with their teeth. They gnaw the flesh off and then with their tongues rasp off the fibres that adhere. Lions suffer about as much from biting a man as the man does. Mr. Snyder knows a lion that bit a man. The man got well, but the lion's head swelled up so that they thought they would lose him. Man's blood is poison to them. If a man bites a pigeon the bird expires in the same agony as if a snake had stung it. A lion's teeth can crack only the smaller bones, but a hyena can crack any bone of the body. That is what makes them such dangerous beasts to

train. Their indomitable nature can never be thoroughly subdued, and their excitability in the presence of a crowd is such that the most that is now done with them is to enter their den for a little time, every movement being watched for signs of an intended assault.

Tigers are more dangerous than lions. They are treacherous, which is the uncomplimentary epithet we apply to persons and beasts that do not tell us when they conclude that they have stood all the nonsense from us that they propose to. They are stupid, too, which is another uncomplimentary name we have for persons and beasts that have too much self-respect to act the fool for our amusement. I fancy we shall never know what sillies menagerie animals think we are until the tables shall have been turned and a lot of men captured by them and put on exhibition. I should like to see the show (from a very private box). I fancy I can hear the jungle people gravely declaring that merchant princes and heads of corporations are stupid and treacherous because they can't and won't learn how to hang by one foot from a tree limb.

Certain ones out of every litter of four or five lion cubs will show greater aptitude for picking up tricks than the others, and will

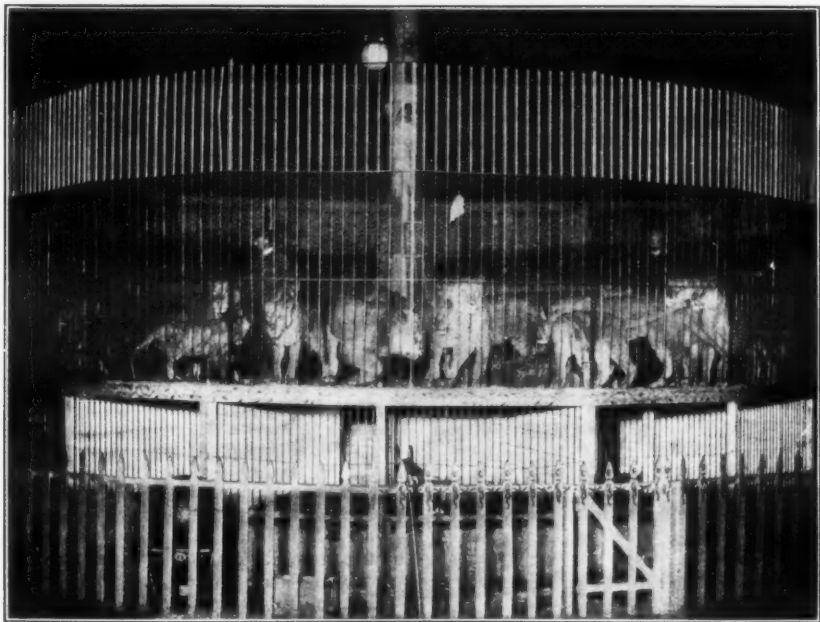
thus assist the trainer. Certain others he will do well with if he can get them to sit still in a corner with a chain fast to their necks. It all depends upon the relative cowardice of the beast.

It is not the intention of this article to furnish a complete compendium of the art of animal training which the readers of AINSLEE'S may pore over during the long winter evenings so as to fit themselves for a position with a circus when spring opens. It merely sets forth some of the basic principles of the art which may be supplemented by experience—if it lasts longer than a minute or two. The beginner must choose his animal and elect whether he will be torn in pieces by the cat tribe or be mashed flat by an elephant. Let us say that he prefers the cats.

Now, any child that has ever played with one knows that pussy has pins in her feet. The pins in lions' and tigers' feet are proportionately larger and more dangerous. The first thing to do then in proceeding with the education of the young lion or tiger is to clip his claws so that he may not correct his teacher. Instructed by Mr.

Snyder, I will tell you how to go about it. Lasso the beast in its cage and bring it to the front where you can get at the paws. Lassoing is not nearly so easy as it looks or as the Nickel Library would lead one to suppose. In the case of the cat tribe the problem is further complicated by the fact that if you get the loop over its head you are likely to choke an expensive animal to death, or if you get it around its waist you may break its back. You must put the rope over the head and under one of the forelegs. Then it will take no harm.

When brought to the front of the cage, rope the beast's feet and clip off the claws close, but not close enough to hurt the foot. While it is held fast go into the cage and put a collar around the beast's neck so that you can chain it up when necessary. Look out that it doesn't bite you. Perhaps it will be as well to put a muzzle on, too. When you have your raw-hide whip, a good stout club, and a revolver loaded with blank cartridges, school takes up. It is a school where corporal punishment is allowed, in fact, the motto of this



Twenty Lion Cubs in One Cage. All Born in Captivity.

kind of pedagogy is: "No lickun, no larnun." That beautiful song beginning

"Speak gently. It is better far
To rule by love than fear,"

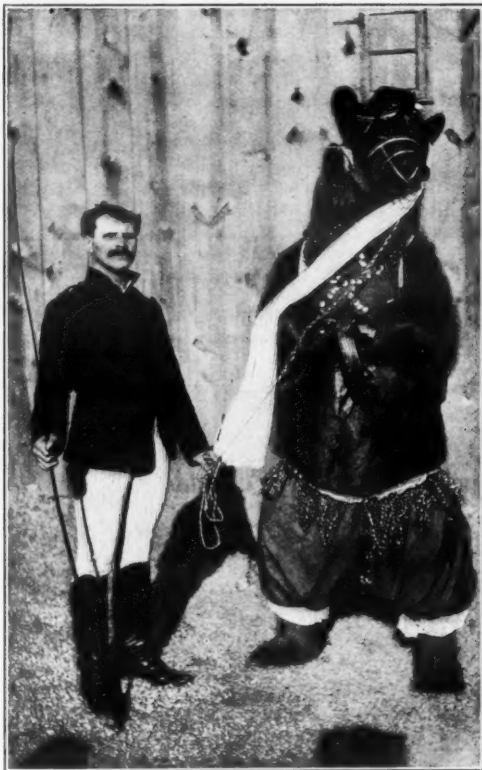
is never sung during the opening exercises of the Wild Animals' Academy. The lion is the king of beasts, if we are to believe all we are told, but it is the experience of most lion tamers that after he has made six or seven rushes at you with his clawless paws, has been knocked out of his senses as many times with the club, yanked around by the collar whose chain is in the hands of your assistants, stung by the rawhide whip, and has experienced the nervous shock of having blank cartridges fired off at him, he gives up and sees that resistance is useless.

The first fool trick he learns is to jump upon a pedestal when he is told and to stay there until he gets the word to jump down. In the beginning two or three men lift him up bodily and hold him there till the word comes. This is repeated again and again, and yet again till he gets it into his skull that he is to jump up. The whip helps him to remember, and a little bit of meat found up there is consolation for the indignities heaped upon him. A smart yearling cub can easily leap five feet up into the air so that to spring up on the pedestal does not overtax his strength. As might be supposed, it is a much more difficult thing for him to learn to sit up in a chair built for him, though the muscular effort is less. The trick is taught because we like to see animals mimic our ways.

Posing in groups is the next thing. This requires three or four animals, and if there is a stubborn one among them he jumps out of position the second after he is put into it, demoralizing the others and making it necessary to do the work all over again. Altogether, the job is one calling for tireless patience for months at a time.

Leaping through blazing hoops is not so difficult as it seems. As I said, lions are not more afraid of fire than is anybody else.

The pupil is taught to jump through a plain hoop by being cornered so that the only way to get out is to jump. Once he associates leaping with a hoop the fact that it is blazing does not trouble him. It is another variation of this when he rides horseback and leaps through the hoop held for him



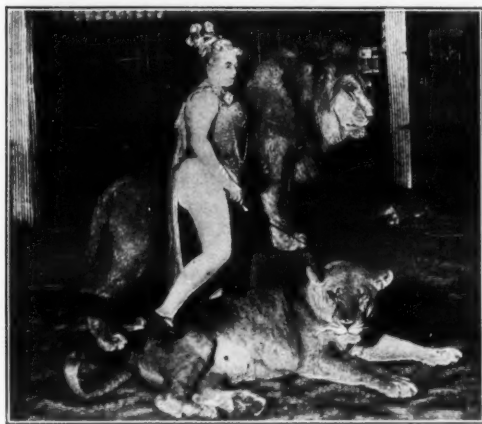
The Dancing Bear.

then. In this case, however, there is the horse to be taught not to go mad with terror when a lion hops on its back. But then a horse nearly goes out of its mind the first time a man rides it. Whenever you see a monkey race in the circus remember that before the ponies submitted to the process they experienced the most agonizing fear. I never saw any signs either that the monkeys enjoyed the ride very keenly. However, if it amuses the children, what need we care?

Tigers and leopards are taught in much

the same way as the lions, but they are less amenable to discipline, and break out three or four times a season in open rebellion. Here is where the blank cartridges come in. They do no real harm and yet they keep the beasts back until the trainer can escape. Java tigers it is impossible to train because they are always crouching, so Mr. Snyder tells me. So they are prepared to spring at any moment. An effort was made to tame a pair some time ago, but they clung so obstinately to the floor of their cage—they had to be punched with red-hot irons to get them out of the cage in which they were imported and into the one in which they were to be carried about—that the undertaking had to be abandoned and they were given to the Chicago Park Department.

In training seals to do tricks there is less of cruel punishment and more of reward. Every time one performs a feat he gets a piece of fish, and their eagerness to do what is required of them is less prompted by a desire for the plaudits of admiring thousands than a hankering for herring.



A Pair of Lions and Their Trainer.

But people care little to see performing seals. There is not so much chance of the trainer going directly from the circus to the morgue. While the elephant is not a carnivorous beast that would as soon eat a man as look at him, it is dangerous enough to inspire interest. Also, it is hard to see how to teach it to do acrobatic tricks. One would almost as soon try to teach a barn to do skirt dances. Instructing these bulky pachyderms is largely a matter of block

and fall. You wish to teach the elephant to stand on his head. Chains are passed around his hindquarters and he is hoisted up into the air often enough for him to understand what is wanted of him by the trainer.

In posing, the animals have to be lifted into position. For example, one has to stand with his forefeet on another's hindquarters, while he flourishes his trunk aloft in a theatrical attitude. To teach him to do this you pass a chain around his throat and another around his trunk to lift it up to the salute. The assistants haul away on the neck chain until the elephant begins to choke. Naturally, he rises up on his hind legs to ease his neck and paws the air for breath. As soon as he is up far enough the elephant on whose back he is to place his fore feet is backed in under them. It is a common thing to see elephant's ears torn into fringes and their thick hide lacerated till the blood comes with the hook the trainers carry. One of the sad features of this life is that the elephant is ungrateful for his education and watches every chance to kill his dear teacher.

If an elephant is to be taught to waltz one man gets at the front end and another at the rear end of the beast, and each shoves his end around till the animal learns that when he hears the word "Waltz!" it means that he is to whirl. When they walk with their forefeet on a rolling tub one man goes before and another behind the tub and steady it for the elephant with crowbars stuck between the tub and the ground. In the see-saw act the elephants at the end and the one in the middle have to be held in position by tackle and by men. The job of teaching elephants calls for the exercise of muscle as well as mind.

But some of the showiest tricks are the easiest taught.

When Mr. Snyder saw Lockhart's elephant blow the harmonica to the great delight of the multitude he bought a five-cent harmonica and taught Tom in the Park to do the same thing in ten minutes. All there was to it was to get the elephant to hold the thing with the finger of his proboscis. As he breathes through his trunk he couldn't help blowing and sucking through the reeds. He did not play any of the popular airs of the day. That would have been a

little too much to expect, but he will blow on it and waltz at the same time. This man Lockhart is a very ingenious trainer and thinks of many quaint little tricks that please the public. All such things as ringing a bell or grinding an organ are taught

affair of personal bravery and daring than of ordinary business sense. It is an undertaking that calls for unlimited patience that will repeat without weariness the same lesson all morning and all afternoon for months on end until the beast has learned it beyond



In the Lions' Cage.

the elephant by putting the object in his trunk, and moving it for him. When he dances with bells tied around his forefeet one foot and then the other is lifted by the helpers.

Mr. Snyder has no doubt in his mind that elephants learn to distinguish spoken words. Tom will shake his head for "No" and nod it for "Yes" in the most convincing manner as thus: "Do you love me? Yes?" Tom nods his head. "Do you want any more to eat? No?" And Tom shakes his head. The intelligence of animals is simply wonderful.

Success in the romantic life seems to be dependent upon precisely the same qualities as success in commercial life. Proficiency in the art of training wild beasts is less an

the possibility of forgetting. It calls for indomitable will that never admits defeat as long as the barest possibility of achievement remains. It calls for the observing eye, alert to every movement that may mean danger. It calls for the cool head that will not become flustered at the critical moment.

It calls for the hard heart that will not flinch from inflicting pain on the refractory being that refuses to be mastered.

Such a man in the commercial world should die a multi-millionaire. A very good lion tamer can be hired for from \$35 to \$55 a month and his board.

That is the worst of the romantic life—it pays so poorly.



"Strike, O Keesh, strike with the strength of thy arm!"

KEESH, THE SON OF KEESH

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The God of His Fathers," and "Son of the Wolf."

"**T**HUS will I give six blankets, warm and double; six files, large and hard; six Hudson Bay knives, keen-edged and long; two canoes, the work of Mogum, the Maker of Things; ten dogs, heavy-shouldered and strong in the harness, and three guns—the trigger of one be broken, but it is a good gun and can doubtless be fixed."

Keesh paused and swept his eyes over the circle of intent faces. It was the time of the Great Fishing, and he was bidding to Gnob for Su-Su, his daughter. The place was the St. George Mission by the Yukon, and the tribes had gathered for many a hundred miles. From north, south, east and west they had come, even from Tozikakat and far Tana-naw.

"And, further, O Gnob, thou art chief of the Tana-naw, and I, Keesh, the son of Keesh, I am chief of the Thlunget. Wherefore, when my seed springs from the loins of thy daughter there shall be a friendship between the tribes, a great friendship and Tana-naw and Thlunget shall be brothers of the blood in the time to come. That which I have said I will do, that will I do. And how is it with you, O Gnob, in this matter?"

Gnob nodded his head gravely, his gnarled and age-twisted face inscrutably masking the soul that dwelt behind. His narrow eyes burned like twin coals through their narrow slits, as he piped in a high, cracked voice. "But that is not all."

"What more?" Keesh demanded. "Have

I not offered full measure? Was there ever yet a Tana-naw maiden who fetched so great a price? Then name her!"

An open snicker passed round the circle, and Keesh knew that he stood in shame before these people.

"Nay, nay, good Keesh, thou dost not understand." Gnob made a soft, stroking gesture. "The price is fair. It is a good price. Nor do I question the broken trigger. But that is not all. What of the man?"

"Ah, what of the man?" the circle snarled.

"It is said," Gnob's shrill voice piped, "it is said that Keesh does not walk in the way of his fathers. It is said that he has wandered into the dark, after strange gods, and that he is become afraid."

The face of Keesh went dark. "It is a lie!" he thundered. "Keesh is afraid of no man!"

"It is said," old Gnob piped on, "that he has hearkened to the speech of the white man up at the Big House, and that he bends head to the white man's god, and, moreover, that blood is displeasing to the white man's god."

Keesh dropped his eyes, and his hands clenched passionately. The savage circle laughed derisively, and in the ear of Gnob whispered Madwan the Shaman, high priest of the tribe and maker of medicine.

The Shaman poked among the shadows on the rim of the firelight and roused up a slender young boy, whom he brought face to face with Keesh, and in the hand of Keesh he thrust a knife.

Gnob leaned forward. "Keesh! O Keesh! Darest thou to kill a man? Behold! This be Kitz-noo, a slave. Strike, O Keesh, strike with the strength of thy arm!"

The boy trembled and waited the stroke. Keesh looked at him and thoughts of Mr. Brown's higher morality floated through his mind, and strong upon him was a vision of the leaping flames of Mr. Brown's particular brand of hell-fire. The knife fell to the ground, and the boy sighed and went out beyond the firelight with shaking knees. At the feet of Gnob sprawled a wolf dog, which bared its gleaming teeth and prepared to spring after the boy. But the Shaman ground his foot into the brute's body, and so doing, gave Gnob an idea.

"And then, O Keesh, what wouldst thou do, should a man do this thing to you?" And as he spoke, Gnob held a ribbon of salmon to White Fang, and when the animal attempted to take it, smote him sharply on

the nose with a stick. "And afterward, O Keesh, wouldst thou do thus?" White Fang was cringing back on his belly and fawning to the hand of Gnob.

"Listen!"—leaning on the arm of Madwan, Gnob had risen to his feet—"I am very old, and because I am very old I will tell thee things. Thy father, Keesh, was a mighty man. And he did love the song of the bow-string in battle, and these eyes have beheld him cast a spear till the head stood out beyond a man's body. But thou art unlike. Since thou left the Raven to worship the Wolf, thou art become afraid of blood, and thou makest thy people afraid. This is not good. For behold, when I was a boy, even as Kitz-noo there. There was no white man in all the land. But they came, one by one, these white men, till now they are many. And they are a restless breed, never content to rest by the fire with a full belly and let the morrow bring its own meat. A curse was laid upon them, it would seem, and they must work it out in toil and hardship."

Keesh was startled. A recollection of a hazy story told by Mr. Brown of one Adam, of old time, came to him, and it seemed that Mr. Brown had spoken true.

"So they lay hands upon all they behold, these white men, and they go everywhere and behold all things. And ever do more follow in their steps, so that if nothing be done they will come to possess all the land and there will be no room for the tribes of the Raven. Wherefore it is meet that we fight with them till none is left. Then will we hold the passes and the land, and perhaps our children and our children's children shall flourish and grow fat. There is a great struggle to come, when Wolf and Raven shall grapple; but Keesh will not fight, nor will he let his people fight. So it is not well that he should take to him my daughter. Thus have I spoken, I Gnob, chief of the Tana-naw."

"But the white men are good and great," Keesh made answer. "The white men have taught us many things. The white men have given us blankets and knives and guns, such as we have never made and never could make. I remember in what manner we lived before they came. I was unborn then, but I have it from my father. When we went on the hunt we must creep so close to the moose that a spear cast would cover the distance. To-day we use the white man's rifle, and farther away than can a child's cry be heard. We ate fish and meat and berries—

there was nothing else to eat—and we ate without salt. How many be there among you who care to go back to the fish and meat without salt?"

It would have sunk home had not Madwan leaped to his feet ere silence could come. "And first a question to thee, Keesh. The white man up at the Big House tells you that it is wrong to kill. Yet do we not know that the white men kill? Have we forgotten the great fight on the Koyokuk? Or the great fight at Nukluketo, where three white men killed twenty of the Tozikakats? Do you think we no longer remember the three men of the Tana-naw that the white man Macklewrath killed? Tell me, O Keesh, why does the Shaman Brown teach you that it is wrong to fight, when all his brothers fight?"

"Nay, nay, there is no need to answer," Gnob piped, while Keesh struggled with the paradox. "It is very simple. The Good Man Brown would hold the Raven tight whilst his brothers pluck the feathers." He raised his voice. "But so long as there is one Tana-naw to strike a blow, or one maiden to bear a man-child, the Raven shall not be plucked!"

Gnob turned to a husky young man across the fire. "And what sayest thou, Makamuk, who art brother to Su-Su?"

Makamuk came to his feet. A long face-scar lifted his upper lip into a perpetual grin, which belied the glowering ferocity of his eyes. "This day," he began, with cunning irrelevance, "I came by the Trader Macklewrath's cabin. And in the door I saw a child laughing at the sun. And the child looked at me with the Trader Macklewrath's eyes, and it was frightened. But the mother ran to it and quieted it. The mother was Ziska, the Thlunget woman."

A snarl of rage rose up and drowned his voice, which he stilled by turning dramatically upon Keesh with outstretched arm and accusing finger.

"So? You give your women away, you Thlunget, and come to the Tana-naw for more? But we have need of our women, Keesh, for we must breed men, many men, against the day when the Raven grapples with the Wolf."

Through the storm of applause Gnob's voice shrilled clear: "And thou, Nossabok, who art her favorite brother?"

The young fellow was slender and graceful, with the strong aquiline nose and high brows of his type; but from some nervous affliction the lid of one eye drooped at odd

times in a suggestive wink. Even as he arose it so drooped and rested a moment against his cheek. But it was not greeted with the accustomed laughter. Every face was grave. "I, too, passed by the Trader Macklewrath's cabin," he rippled in soft, girlish tones, wherein there was much of youth and much of his sister. "And I saw Indians, with the sweat running into their eyes and their knees shaking with weariness—I say, I saw Indians groaning under the logs for the store which the Trader Macklewrath is to build. And with my eyes I saw them chipping wood to keep the Shaman Brown's big house warm through the frost of the long nights. This be squaw work. Never shall the Tana-naw do the like. We shall be blood brothers to men, not squaws; and the Thlunget be squaws."

A deep silence fell, and all eyes centered on Keesh. He looked about him carefully, deliberately, full into the face of each grown man.

"So," he said, passionlessly. "And so," he repeated. Then turned upon his heel without further word and passed out into the darkness.

Wading among sprawling babies and bristling wolf-dogs, he threaded the great camp, and on its outskirts came upon a woman at work by the light of a fire. With strings of bark stripped from the long roots of creeping vines, she was braiding rope for the fishing. For some time without speech, he watched her deft hands bringing law and order out of the unruly mass of curling fibers. She was good to look upon, swaying there to her task, strong-limbed, deep-chested, and with hips made for motherhood. And the bronze of her face was golden in the flickering light, her hair blue-black, her eyes jet.

"O Su-Su," he spoke finally, "thou hast looked upon me kindly in the days that have gone, and in the days yet young——"

"I looked kindly upon thee for that thou wert chief of the Thlunget," she answered quickly, "and because thou wert big and strong."

"Ay——"

"But that was in the old days of the fishing," she hastened to add, "before the Shaman Brown came and taught thee ill things and led thy feet."

"But I would tell thee——"

She held one hand in a gesture which reminded him of her father. "Nay, I know already the speech that stirs in thy throat, O Keesh, and I make answer now. It so

happens that the fish of the water and the beasts of the forest bring forth after their kind. And this is good. Likewise it happens to women. It is for them to bring forth their kind, and even the maiden, while she is yet a maiden, feels the pang of the birth, and the pain of the breast, and the small hands at the neck. And when such feeling is strong, then does each maiden look about her with secret eyes for the man—for the man who shall be fit to father her kind. So have I felt. So did I feel when I looked upon thee and found thee big and strong, a hunter and fighter of beasts and men, well able to win meat when I should eat for two, well able to keep danger afar off when my helplessness drew nigh. But that was before the day the Shaman Brown came into the land and taught thee—”

“But it is not right, Su-Su. I have it on good word—”

“It is not right to kill. I know what thou wouldst say. Then breed thou after thy kind, the kind that does not kill; but come not on such quest among the Tana-naw. For it is said, in the time to come that the Raven shall grapple with the Wolf. I do not know, for this be the affair of men; but I do know that

it is for me to bring forth men against that time.”

“Su-Su,” Keesh broke in; “thou must hear me—”

“A man would beat me with a stick and make me hear,” she sneered. “But thou . . . here!” She thrust a bunch of bark

into his hand.

“I cannot give thee myself, but this, yes. It looks fittest in thy hands. It is squaw work, so braid away.”

He flung it from him, the angry blood pounding a muddy path under his bronze.

“One thing more,” she went on.

“There be an old custom which thy father and mine were not strangers to. When a man fall in battle his scalp is carried away in token.

Very good. But thou, who have fore-sworn the Raven, must do more. Thou must bring me, not scalps, but heads, two heads, and then will I

give thee, not bark, but a brave-beaded belt, and sheath, and long Russian knife. Then will I look kindly upon thee once again and all will be well.”

“So,” the man pondered. “So.” Then he turned and passed out through the light.

“Nay, O Keesh!” she called after him. “Not two heads, but three at least!”



“She thrust a bunch of bark into his hand . . . ‘It is squaw work, so braid away.’”

But Keesh remained true to his conversion, lived uprightly and made his tribe people obey the gospel as propounded by the Reverend Jackson Brown. Through all the time of the fishing he gave no heed to the Tana-naw, nor took notice of the sly things which were said, or of the laughter of the women of the many tribes. After the fishing Gnob and his people, with great store of salmon, sun-dried and smoke-cured, departed for the hunting on the head reaches of the Tana-naw. Keesh watched them go, but did not fail in his attendance at mission service, where he prayed regularly and led the singing with his deep bass voice.

The Reverend Jackson Brown delighted in that deep bass voice, and because of his sterling qualities deemed him the most promising convert. Macklewrath doubted this. He did not believe in the efficacy of the conversion of the heathen, and he was not slow in speaking his mind. But Mr. Brown was a large man, in his way, and he argued it out with such convincingness, all of one long fall night, that the trader, driven from position after position, finally announced in desperation: "Knock out my brains with apples, Brown, if I don't become a convert myself—if Keesh

holds fast, true blue, for two years!" Mr. Brown never lost an opportunity, so he clinched the matter on the spot with a virile hand grip, and thenceforth the conduct of Keesh was to determine the ultimate abiding place of Macklewrath's soul.



"Where goest thou, O Keesh? Hunting?" Mr. Brown asked."

But there came news one day, after the winter's rime had settled down over the land sufficiently for travel. A Tana-naw man arrived at the St. George Mission in quest of ammunition and bringing information that Su-Su had set eyes on Nee-Koo, a nervy young hunter who had bid brilliantly for her by old Gnob's fire. It was at about this time that the Reverend Jackson Brown came upon Keesh by the wood trail which leads down to the river. Keesh had his best dogs in the har-

ness, and shoved under the sled-lashings was his largest and finest pair of snowshoes.

"Where goest thou, O Keesh? Hunting?" Mr. Brown asked, falling into the Indian manner.

Keesh looked him steadily in the eyes for a full minute, then started up his dogs. Then again, turning his deliberate gaze upon the missionary, he answered, "No; I go to hell."

In an open space, striving to burrow into the snow as though for shelter from the appalling desolateness, huddled three dreary lodges. Ringed all about a dozen paces away, was the somber forest. Overhead there was no keen blue sky of naked space, but a vague, misty curtain, pregnant with snow, which had drawn between. There was no wind, no sound, nothing but the snow and silence. Nor was there even the general stir of life about the camp; for the hunting party had run upon the flank of the caribou herd and the kill had been large. Thus, after the period of fasting had come the plenitude of feasting, and thus, in broad daylight, they slept heavily under their roost of moosehide.

By a fire, before one of the lodges, five pairs of snowshoes stood on end in their element, and by the fire sat Su-Su. The hood of her squirrelskin parka was about her hair and well drawn up around her throat; but her hands were unmitten and nimbly at work with needle and sinew, completing the last fantastic design on a belt of leather faced with bright, scarlet cloth. A dog, somewhere at the rear of one of the lodges, raised a short, sharp bark, then ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Once, her father, in the lodge at her back, gurgled and grunted in his sleep. "Bad dreams," she smiled to herself. "He grows old and that last joint was too much."

She placed the last bead, knotted the sinew, and replenished the fire. Then, after gazing long into the flames, she lifted her

head to the harsh crunch-crunch of a moccasined foot against the flinty snow granules. Keesh was at her side, bending slightly forward to a load which he bore upon his back. This was wrapped loosely in a soft tanned moosehide, and he dropped it carelessly into the snow and sat down. They looked at each other long and without speech.

"It is a far fetch, O Keesh," she said at last; "a far fetch from St. George Mission by the Yukon."

"Ay," he made answer, absently, his eyes fixed keenly upon the belt and taking note of its girth. "But where is the knife?" he demanded.

"Here." She drew it from inside her parka and flashed its naked length in the firelight. "It is a good knife."

"Give it to me," he commanded.

"Nay, O Keesh," she laughed. "It may be that thou wast not born to wear it."

"Give it to me," he reiterated, without change of tone. "I was so born."

But her eyes, glancing coquettishly past him to the moosehide, saw the snow about it slowly reddening. "It is blood, Keesh?" she asked.

"Ay, it is blood. But give me the belt and the long Russian knife."

She felt suddenly afraid, but thrilled when he took the belt roughly from her, thrilled to the roughness. She looked at him softly, and was aware of a pain at the breast and of small hands clutching her throat.

"It was made for a smaller man," he remarked, grimly, drawing in his ab-



"Three," he whispered, savagely; "nay, four at least."

domen and clasping the buckle at the first hole.

Su-Su smiled, and her eyes were yet softer. Again she felt the soft hands at her throat. He was good to look upon, and the belt was indeed small, made for a smaller man; but what did it matter? She could make many belts.

"But the blood?" she asked, urged on by a hope new-born and growing. "The blood, Keesh? Is it . . . are they . . . heads?"

"Ay."

"They must be very fresh, else would the blood be frozen."

"Ay; it is not cold, and they be fresh, quite fresh."

"Oh, Keesh!" Her face was warm and bright. "And for me?"

"Ay; for thee."

He took hold of a corner of the hide, flirited it open, and rolled the heads out before her.

"Three," he whispered, savagely; "nay, four at least."

But she sat transfixed. There they lay—the soft-featured Nee-Koo; the gnarled old face of Gnob; Makamuk, grinning at her with his lifted upper lip; and lastly, Nossabok, his eyelid, up to its old trick, drooped on his girlish cheek in a suggestive wink. There they lay, the firelight flashing upon and playing over them, and from each of them a widening circle dyed the snow to scarlet.

Once, in the forest, an over-burdened pine dropped its load of snow, and the echoes reverberated hollowly down the gorge; but neither stirred. The short day had been waning fast, and darkness was wrapping round the camp when White Fang trotted up toward the fire. He paused to reconnoiter, but not being driven back, came closer. His nose shot swiftly to the side, nostrils a-tremble and bristles rising along the spine, and straight and true he followed the sudden scent to his master's head. He sniffed it gingerly at first, and licked the forehead. Then he sat abruptly down, pointed his nose up at the first faint star, and raised the long wolf howl.

This brought Su-Su to herself. She glanced across at Keesh, who had unsheathed the Russian knife and was watching her intently. His face was firm and set, and in it she read the law. Slipping back the hood of her parka, she bared her neck and rose to her feet. There she paused and took a long look about her, at the rimming forest, at the faint stars in the sky, at the camp, at the snowshoes in the snow—a last long, comprehensive look at life. A light breeze stirred her hair from the side, and for the space of one deep breath she turned her head and followed it around until she met it full-faced.

Then she walked over to Keesh and said: "I am ready."

HORA BEATA

By ARTHUR KETCHUM

The first star lights the hour God sets apart

For yearning lovers Sundered by the day,

When weary feet may take the homeward way

And leave the dust of street, the strife of mart.

Then tired hope awakes and dreams upstart,

Then windows brighten and the dusk grows gray

Where Peace calls home her children wide astray

And heart is folded close to happy heart.

Day long between us two the light has set

A waste of traffic and a reach of strife

And all the busy City's fret and jar.

But here in hush of nightfall we forget

The alien ways, the tasks of parted life,

And we grow one, by light of the first star.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE OF WEEDS

USES OF THE SO-CALLED PESTS OF THE SOIL

BY THEODORE DREISER

VAST sums of money and an army of men are being employed by the government to locate, understand and put to their proper uses the weeds of the country. From every town and hamlet and country wayside this great government gathers reports concerning these vegetable outlaws. The impudent dock that surreptitiously slips his seed on to the coat of a passerby in Nebraska is recorded in the annals of the Agricultural Department, and the line of the dock's progress is marked on the maps which show the areas of distribution in the United States. It is now known what and where the weeds are, and a constant surveillance is kept over them. Those that threaten to become pests are headed off by all the forces of government. It is a fact that an order to kill some lone specimen of a pernicious Canada thistle has been sent by telegraph from Washington.

There is, however, little need of encouraging the destruction of weeds. The thing important now is to utilize those that have been found indispensable. There are weeds that are soil renewers, weeds that are food for man and beast, and weeds without which thousands of acres of our most fertile lands would be wastes to-day. These weeds the government is endeavoring to preserve. It is surprising in the light of these discoveries to consider man's attitude toward weeds in general. That he should have sworn at them, sought measures of extermination, plowed them toilsomely under year after year, and yet himself remained really handicapped in the battle for subsistence because he lacked the aid which one or more of these would have readily given him seems incongruous. One kind if properly used would have supplied deficient soil with potash, another would have brought it the needed lime, a third the nitrogen or phosphorus, taking it out of the atmosphere and depositing it where his crops of cereals and vegetables would readily draw upon it and wax strong. In one he could have found a better food for his cattle than he ever had before, in another a hardy worker capable

of thriving with scarcely any rain and yet making returns in food or fertilizer far beyond the petty achievements of the most pampered and cultivated of domestic plants. The outlaws of husbandry have for ages held the secret of binding the sands of the sea so as to fix the shore; of digging deeper than any plow and searching for the minerals which make deficient land arable, and of drawing upon the atmosphere and taking from it the valuable chemicals which no farmer is rich enough to buy in sufficient quantities to make his poor holding profitable. These bandits of the garden have turned out for the most part to be saviors and man's best friends, and so clear have their distinguished merits become that scientists are even apologizing for the need of calling any of the remaining, and as yet little understood vegetation, *weeds*. So we have all unused plants now divided into poisonous and non-poisonous, with the reservation that all may be and probably are extremely useful. If poisonous, the new attitude is to find out why. Where the poison comes from—out of the air or the earth? How is it distilled? What is its nature? Whether it is a known or unknown poison? What its effect may be on one and every other object, particularly upon life and growth? These and others are the questions scientists seek to answer by investigating the weeds.

The result is a new world of information of immediate or ultimate usefulness. So far the investigations have served to show that we are in our infancy as regards a proper knowledge of food. The available supply has already been increased a thousand-fold. The possibilities of increasing the strength of the soil have never been so numerous. The time is already in sight when the ability to examine a stretch of land and prescribe the proper weed to nourish and cure it will be realized. The time also is not far distant when the poisonous weed will have been mastered and applied, and the most useless weed put in its place and made to do serviceable work.

Already from the kingdom of weeds has come the host now recognized as serviceable grasses. We have sixty native species of clover, seventy blue grasses, twenty-five grammas and curly mesquite grasses, all wild and all abundant. They have flourished on the great plains, and though not understood have produced more beef and mutton than all the cultivated hay grasses put together. The cattle of the ranches have been wiser in their selection of them for food than men. Besides, there are ninety lupines, twenty wild beans, forty vetches, forty beggar weeds, twenty kinds of wild rye, thirty kinds of brome grasses, and meadow, pasture, woodland and swamp grasses without number. Each of these has always been considered a weed and a nuisance, and yet each is especially adapted to a soil or climate and to some particular use. There is a wild millet, common to the South Atlantic coast, which grows from six to ten feet high, and is a splendid cattle food. There is a wild brome grass now approved of which was never thought to have any value until one almost identically like it was imported from Russia as a cattle food. There are wild perennial beans in the southwestern mountains of the United States which grow luxuriantly with only twenty inches of rainfall annually, and yet many of them far surpass in productiveness and forage value those which have come to us from foreign lands and require good soil and a normal rainfall. There are free seeding wheat grasses in the Northwest still generally looked upon as weeds, which equal the best of our hay grasses. In the mountain parks the government agents have found a wild green turf which rivals in fineness and beauty the best artificial lawns.

This order of grasses is in part claiming commercial attention. Already some are used as fibre in the manufacture of twine or paper. Some are used in making hats and many other articles of woven work. They are planted to subdue or bind the drifting sand of the seashore, to hold the soil of railway embankments, and to prevent the washing out of dikes and levees. Others are used to aid in reclaiming fields denuded of their soil by rain. It has been shown by the government that through their growth and decay the fertile prairie loams have been formed. They were and still are the forerunners which nature sends to cover the bare surfaces and to lessen the sterilizing effect of heat and drought. Not all have value as food for either man or beast, but it

has been found that all of the number described serve some purpose in the economy of nature, and they are not yet completely understood.

The weeds of the cities and villages which are best known to us all have unquestionably the worst reputation and are looked upon as the most useless and harmful. They are some twenty-five in all—the good classed with the poisonous, and all misunderstood and considered evil. In New York, Philadelphia and Washington the residents see vacant lots growing with wild onion in winter, dandelion and bulbous buttercup in spring, then wild carrot, prickly lettuce and sweet clover, and after them the horseweed, ragweed, cocklebur, Mexican tea, slender pigweed and jimsonweed of the late summer and autumn. Chicory, horse-nettle, burdock and gum-succory are in abundant evidence throughout the season.

Some of the most prominent weeds of Boston are burdock, rough pigweed, chicory and fall dandelion. In Chicago rough pigweed, tall ragweed and cocklebur are abundant, while there are hundreds of acres within the city limits covered almost completely with Canada thistle and Russian thistle. In Denver false ragweed, squirrel-tail grass and Russian thistle are among the most noticeable weeds, and in San José, California, the vacant lots are chiefly occupied by wild licorice, spiny cocklebur, wild heliotrope, milk thistle and tarweeds. In Atlanta, Augusta, Auburn, Mobile, New Orleans and most other cities of the Gulf States tarweed is looked upon as the pest of early summer and sneezeweed of the late summer and autumn; the latter is a yellow flowered composite, which has been introduced during the past fifty years from west of the Mississippi.

It is known now that the presence of these weeds, collectively and uncared for, is not all bad. When young and growing, besides giving a more slightly appearance to utterly vacant ground, they purify the air, and herein lies the chief benefit conferred by their presence in cities. Numerous fires in dwellings, factories and locomotives, and the breathing of the people continually rob the air of its oxygen and charge it with carbonic acid gas. Growing plants of whatever kind, and weeds in particular, reverse this condition by drawing off into themselves the carbonic acid gas, and often other injurious gases, and giving out oxygen in return. So a vacant lot covered with healthy growing weeds is much better for the public

health, and certainly is more pleasing to the eye than the bare ground.

They have another effect not so good. When they stop growing they cease purifying the air, although it is not certain, as some suppose, that they rob it of its oxygen. They harbor injurious insects and fungus and bacterial diseases, which later they communicate to cultivated plants. When they become rank and begin to decay they shade the soil from the purifying and drying effects of the sun and wind, and, it is thought, keep it damp and sour—a fit breeding place for malaria. The ragweeds produce a pollen which is extremely irritating to persons afflicted with asthma or hay fever. The mayweed, tarweed and stinkweed produce disagreeable odors. The wild garlic is eaten by the cows, which gives the city residents reason to complain of the bitter flavor of garlic in the milk delivered them. Henbane or deadly nightshade, jimson weed and purple thorn are deadly poison and give cause for more opposition to weeds in cities.

Notwithstanding all this, the charge is not against the individual weeds, but their collective neglect and misuse. They are not understood. Every one knows that dandelion is an excellent pot-herb when taken by itself and cultivated. It is not so generally known that this is true of chicory, milkweed and pigweed, although the government is now calling attention to their value as food. Prickly lettuce, while not thoroughly understood, is known to be liked by sheep and is therefore thought to have some quality which will eventually make it useful. The same is exactly true of the wild carrot. The other weeds—wild onion, horseweed, ragweed, cocklebur, jimson weed, burdock, tarweed and sneezeweed—have done the service to humanity of exciting interest in the weed question. Their size and strength, the manner in which they multiply and the use which they make of what they find in the soil and atmosphere has stirred up investigation of a most profitable order. Part of the knowledge acquired has been how to kill them cheaply and effectively where they are a nuisance, but this knowledge is not now considered so important. Later a study was made of their growth and distribution until the whole vast scientific knowledge of how so-called weeds grow, multiply and distribute themselves was gathered. The investigation as to what it is that these weeds take from the soil and the air is under way, and the investigation will not end until it is

known what they do and what is their place in nature. In 1898 an interesting pamphlet covering the character of thirty poisonous plants and the cure for injury by them was issued by the government. Since then several poisonous plants have been especially investigated by individual scientists. One of these, the common poison ivy, has been thoroughly analyzed by Dr. Franc Pfaff of the Harvard University Medical School. He discovered that the poison in the ivy which does the damage is a non-volatile oil to which he has given the name of the plant. It is an oil that has not hitherto been known to science, and is found in all parts of the plant, even in the wood. Why it should poison the skin when touched is not yet known, but the fact that it will poison only the spot which it touches and will not spread has been found out. Dr. Pfaff also discovered that it is readily removed by alcohol, and that old poisons by this plant are readily cured by two or three applications of a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and sugar of lead.

As much is now being done for corncockle, jimson weed, sneezeweed and others, remedies for which are already known, although the character of the poison is not.

Out of this branch of weed-study is certain to come remarkable information, for the poisonous plants are the most strangely constituted and given to astounding variations. For instance, the common poke berry presents a spectacle of contradictory qualities. Birds eat the berries which to men are poisonous. Cattle may eat the leaves when green and fresh, but if, perchance, they should eat a wilted leaf it would poison them. The roots are deadly poison, yet the shoots which grow up six inches high in the spring are an excellent food for man—the rival of asparagus and equally healthful. Science has at last paused to inquire why this should be so, and some day the chemical action which can make a deadly poison by wilting a leaf when the fresh one is harmless will be discovered.

Similarly it has been observed of American false hellebore or itchweed that the seeds are poisonous to chickens, and that the leaves and roots are poisonous to men and horses, but that sheep and elk, which chew the cud, seem to relish the plant. In all, the poison, when in the system, acts alike, paralyzing the heart and spinal cord. The poisonous element of corncockle has not yet been explained, but its curious action has already been observed. When ex-

tracted it mixes freely with water, froths like soap and, though odorless, will, when inhaled, produce violent sneezing. Caper spurge, the common gopher plant or spring wort, is curious in that the mere handling of it will poison to the extent of producing pimples and often gangrene. It is a thing that cattle can eat without harm, and goats eat freely, but the milk of the latter will then be deadly poison. In men a moderate dose will produce a general collapse and death in a few hours. The poison of the sneezeweed develops mostly in the showy yellow flowers, and is violent. The young plants are comparatively harmless, and even in the mature ones the poison varies greatly—some having scarcely any at all.

In the case of this plant and the woolly and stemless loco weeds some effort has been made to find out where they get their deadly poisons. That of the loco weeds is a most subtle thing. The poison of the woolly loco produces strange hallucinations in its victims. It effects the eyesight and silently reaches one after another of the vital functions, killing the victim in two years' time.

Some animals after eating it refuse every other kind of food and seek only this. They endure a lingering period of emaciation, characterized by sunken eyeballs, lusterless hair and feeble movements, and eventually die of starvation. So mystic an element gathered from the earth and the air naturally causes wonder and the desire to know what such things may be and why they are.

Weed investigation has also resulted in a great addition to the known foods for cattle, and the discovery of a number of plants that will fertilize the soil. During this century and within recent years a score or more of valuable leguminous plants have been discovered in what were considered weeds, and hardly a year passes that new ones are not added to the list. They are plants which make food for cattle and which, when planted in poor soil, improve it by taking from the atmosphere and the deep subsoil things which the surface soil needs.

The manner in which they are known to improve poor soil forms a remarkable scientific discovery. Their roots extend into the stiffer and more compact subsoil, where no ordinary plant can reach, and after loosening and opening it up so that air and water can have action upon it, suck up from below great quantities of potash salts and phosphoric acid. When these weeds are plowed under or die, these salts and acids are left near the surface where they can be utilized

by the cereals and root crops which live upon them. For instance, wheat and potatoes flourish well where these weeds have gone before and done the work of getting the necessary food for them from the subsoil and the air.

Much land is of no value until these weeds come in and make it so. This is particularly true of sandy soils and reclaimed marsh lands, which are deficient in potash, a thing necessary in all farming land. On these the deeper rooted legumes, such as gorse, broom, alfalfa, lupines, sula and the perennial beans are of great value. Their roots not only reach down very deep and bring up potash from the subsoil in the manner described, but their leaves take great quantities of nitrogen from the air. Now, when a soil is rich in potash and nitrogen it is good soil, and as these plants die and leave their gathered potash and nitrogen on the surface, the sandy and marshy soils become good land. All the farmer has to do is plow these rotting weeds under and he has land on which he can raise cereals, root crop and tobacco—that hardiest, most wearing plant upon soil.

The government has induced farmers to try the Florida beggar weed. One experimenter reported that by planting it in his field and plowing under the annual crops for two successive years, the soil had been completely changed in texture and color. Another farmer discovered that a crop of beggar weed turned under, will, when decomposed, retain near the surface in ready reach of the roots of succeeding crops not only all the nitrogen that it took out of the atmosphere, but also whatever fertilizers were subsequently applied. A third reported that all his field produced more luxurious crops after having been given over one season to a rank growth of this weed.

To find out how much chemical value this weed really takes from the air and the subsoil, the government planted a sandy field (bare of any of the qualities on which ordinary cereals and vegetables can thrive) with beggar weed, and when the crop was at its height harvested it, root and all. The crop was then reduced to ashes and the result analyzed. It was found that every ton of beggar weed ashes contained 508 pounds of lime, 230 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 482 pounds of potash. Twenty to twenty-five tons of beggar weed hay were required to make one ton of ashes, but every acre yielded four tons of beggar weed. It was figured out that at a four ton yield per

acre, which is an average, one acre of beggar weed would yield 150 pounds of nitrogen, worth fifteen cents a pound, or \$22.50 worth of nitrogen, and potash and phosphoric acid worth \$5.25, making a total of \$27.75 worth of fertilizing chemicals taken from an acre of soil worth nothing at all.

As good a report can be made of red clover, alfalfa, cowpeas, the soy bean, crimson clover, Dakota vetch, Texas pea, the Stolley vetch and others, though some, as, for instance, the Texas pea are being allowed to die out. Crimson clover, particularly, is an excellent soil feeder, but will not do well north of a line drawn through New Jersey, East Tennessee and Central Texas, for it cannot withstand severe winters. It requires, also, a great deal of moisture, and so is better adapted to the needs of the Southern farmers. It has been proved an excellent preparatory crop for Indian corn, being sowed in the corn rows in late summer and turned under in time for the spring planting. It may be used in the same way for cotton or tobacco.

Incidentally, the habits of growth and distribution which characterize weeds have been thoroughly studied and a splendid picture of the intricate working of nature in these things has been evolved. There are maps in the Agricultural Department showing the present distribution in the United States of the Canada thistle, Russian thistle, nut grass, wild carrot, prickly lettuce and a score more, which show at a glance just where these weeds are to be found and the extent of their range. There are separate documents and papers for each one of over three hundred weeds, giving their life history, merits, demerits and present location and distribution.

What has been discovered about the migration of weeds shows how wonderfully life prevails even in the face of great hardship. It has been found that a weed no less than a man struggles to live and to propagate its kind, and that it will make thorough use of the poorest opportunity. Wind, water, the tides, the migration of birds, the moving of cattle, all furnish the average weed an opportunity to distribute its seed into new regions. Those now common to the United States have for the most part migrated from Europe and Asia. Of a list of 200 so-called injurious weeds, published in 1895, it was found that 108 were of foreign origin, while ninety-two were native. Of the former, twelve or fifteen had migrated only a short time before from Central and South America.

How they migrate has been accurately shown in the case of every kind of weed extant in the United States. Some travel exceeding slow by means of runners or slender radiating branches, which reach out anywhere from ten inches to ten feet along the ground and produce plantlets at the ends, which take root and grow. Others progress by spreading underground, working too deep to be disturbed either by grazing animals or mowing machines. Still others, finding the battle for life difficult, develop strange qualities. Professor A. N. Prentiss, of Cornell University, has demonstrated by experiment that a Canada thistle root, cut into pieces one-fourth of an inch long, can produce shoots from nearly every piece. So when the share of the plow digs down to cut and tear this inhabitant from its home it more often aids in its further distribution.

One of the most interesting yet least known methods by which plants travel short distances is by throwing their seeds. When the pods of the common tare are mature they dry in such a manner as to produce a strong oblique tension on the two sides of the pod. These finally split apart and curl spirally, with such a sudden movement upward as to hurl the peas several feet. Many others progress in the same way, the common spurge and wood sorrel in particular.

Many weed seeds have special adaptives that enable them to take advantage of the wind or to float lightly on water. Dandelion, prickly lettuce, Canada thistle, horseweed, milkweed and many others equip their seeds with some feathery or winglike apparatus that enables them to sail. Ordinarily the distance this equipment can carry is two miles, but a high wind or hurricane would bear them ten or fifteen. Yet with two exceptions, the most rapidly migrating weeds have not traveled in this way. Frozen ground or snow is another great aid to the hardy migrating weed because seeds are blown along for great distances. Buttonweed, giant ragweed and barnyard grass all progress in this way, because their seeds are produced late in the season, and many of them are held with such tenacity that they are dislodged only by the strongest winds, when the conditions are favorable for distant journeys. By that time the ground is usually frozen or covered with snow, and the seeds skip merrily along before every stray gust. This method of seed dispersion is now known to account in part for the general presence of ragweed, mayweed and

others along our country roads. It also shows that weeds are distributed much more rapidly over fields left bare during the winter than over those covered with some crop that will catch the rolling seeds. Professor Bailey, of the Fargo (N. D.) Agricultural College, found by experiment that wheat grains drifted over snow on a level field at the rate of 500 feet a minute, with the wind blowing twenty-five miles an hour. Lighter or angular grains were found to drift more rapidly.

Some weeds migrate by tumbling, the whole plant, seed and all, withering into a sort of ball and rolling before the wind. Such are best developed in the prairie region, where there is little to impede their progress, and where there are strong winds to drive them, but they are found also in the Eastern states, where they may be seen in ditches, gullies and fence corners, swept bare of their seeds before the winter is out.

Some weeds depend for their widest distribution upon the hooked character of their seeds, which stick to the hide of cattle or the clothing of men. They have been known to travel hundreds of miles this way, and the ground about the great stock yards in Chicago and other cities is rich in weeds not common to that territory. Migrating birds sweep seeds through space for thousands of miles, and it is thought that some of the weed importations from Central and South America have come this way.

Railways are highways no less for the progressive weed than for man. Seeds drop from cars and from the clothes of passengers all along the line. The most prolific weeds, particularly the Russian thistle, have been introduced at widely separated points throughout the United States almost simultaneously by this means. They come in straw used for packing, and in grain not perfectly cleaned. The country towns that receive the freight are breeding places and the men who handle it are carriers. The weeds get everywhere, because the seeds survive long and are equipped to cling and travel. By centuries of struggle they have acquired the ability to adapt themselves to almost any quality of soil or to any kind of atmosphere. They earn their right to live by the most hardy efforts. No plant of culture could ever endure the knocks which they receive and survive. Heat, cold, drouth, frost, soggy rains, unnatural soils, all afflict the traveling seed by turns. Yet it will face the situation, dig deep, reach high, even change its diet and its very nature before it will give up the struggle. That it should be of some use is a long-delayed but just conclusion of science. The outlaw of the fruitful fields is to-day most often the helper and savior of the arid way. Equipped with a powerful constitution and giant energy, the worst of the weeds may readily become the best of the plants.

NORTHERN PINES

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I passed where the pines for Christmas
Stood thick in the crowded street,—
Where the groves of dream and silence
Were walked by feverish feet.

And far through the rain and street-cries
My home-sick heart went forth
To its pine-clad hills of childhood,
To its dark and tender North.

And I saw the glooming pine lands
And I thrilled to the norland cold,
Where the sunset fell in silence
On the hills of gloom and gold.

And the dusk, still woods lay round me,
And I knew that the patient eyes
Of my North as a child's were tender,
As a sorrowing mother's, wise.



THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF UNCLE D'RIOUS

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

MR. BASSETT slowly drew a fat, green pod from the basket beside him, split it down the middle with his thumb and sent the peas rattling into the tin pan between his knees. Then he took his pipe from his lips in order to yawn more advantageously.

"Slow job," he drawled, "this ere shellin' peas is; ain't it?"

"Yes," said I. "I wonder that no one has invented a method of shelling them by machinery."

Now, it takes a good deal to disturb Mr. Bassett's serenity. Local report says that Mrs. Bassett and a dipper of hot water is the combination that comes nearest to accomplishing the feat. But my innocent remark caused the phlegmatic gentleman to dash the empty pod vindictively to the ground and break out in a sputter of wrath.

"Invention!" he snorted. "Don't ever say invention ter me agin. I wisht every feller that ever invented anything was hung higher'n Haman!"

I was surprised and asked him to explain. After some coaxing, Mr. Bassett complied.

"Yer never see Olindy's—my wife's—Uncle D'rius, did yer?" he began. "No? Well, the old man was a character, now, I tell yer. Richer'n mud, he was. Had thirty acres er cranb'ry bog and a fish weir, and a

quarter share in a mack'rel schooner, and the Lord knows what all more, besides consider'ble cash in the bank. Olindy and her fust cousin 'Lisha Blount was the only near relations he had after his wife, A'nt Zuby that was, died.

"Well, 'Lish and his wife and Olindy and me, we nater'lly figgered considerable on the old man's money and who was goin' ter git it when he slipped over the river. 'Lish and his tribe wa'n't on speakin' terms with me and Olindy, owin' ter a leetle squabble we had over a yaller dog he owned, that bit my brindle heifer and scairt her so she run onter the railroad track and got made inter beef by the up train. There was a law suit and one thing er 'nother ter add ter the gin'ral good feelin', besides.

"So me and Olindy we cal'lated that none of that money was goin' ter 'Lish, and 'Lish cal'lated the same thing about us. Uncle D'rius he was kinder impartial, as yer might say. One spell he'd be all fer us and have his will fixed so we'd git everything, and next thing yer know he'd switch around and alter it so's ter leave it all to the other side er the fence.

"Fust off he come and lived with us, and he was a trial, don't talk! Cross-grained and fussy and deaf—why, he was so deaf that a cannon might have gone off in his ear

and all he'd a-said would be, 'What? Why don't yer speak louder?'

"Me'n' Olindy put up with it best we could and never give him any back talk and done our best ter please him, knowin' that all flesh is grass, and that the meek is goin' ter inherit the earth.

"But we overdone it. He was dreadful fussy about his eatin' and one time he took a notion fer gooseberry pie. Nawthin' would do but he must have gooseberry pie. So Olindy she cooked a big one and he eat most the whole of it, and was awful sick, and swore we'd tried ter pizen him. He had his will changed, leavin' every-thing ter 'Lish and went off and lived with him fer most a year.

"We was purty down in the mouth, but everything comes ter them that waits, and bimeby he had a row with 'Lish's folks that beat the one he had with us all ter nawthin'. Yer see, 'Lish is an inventor. Up ter that time nawthin' he'd invented had been wuth a red cent, but he kep' at it jest the same, persistent as a hen that wants ter set.

"Well, Uncle D'rius took notions over there jest the same as he done at our house, and it come about that he thought the mosquitoes was pesterin' him at night after he'd gone ter bed. Seein' as 'twas October, I guess the mosquitoes was mainly imagination, but he said there was millions of 'em

round him every night, and that he couldn't sleep.

"So 'Lish set ter work and invented a machine fer drivin' away the mosquitoes. He argued that if you was campin' out or

fishin' or any-thing where there was lots of mosquitoes, that they'd bite like every-thing if 'twas ca'm, but if a breeze come up there wouldn't be nary one any-where. So he rigged up a contrivance ter hang over Uncle D'rius' bed. 'Twas a kind of wind-mill thing like them fans they have in city eatin' houses. It hung right over Uncle D'rius' pillar and could be raised or lowered and pulled by a string ter start it goin'. There was a wind-mill on the roof that was con-



"'Twas a kind of windmill thing like them fans they have in the city eatin' houses."

nected with it and give it the power.

"Well, the very fust night Uncle D'rius tried it, he laid down, lowered it close ter his face, hauled the rope that set her buzzin', and went ter sleep. Middle er the night he woke up and heard a noise and thought 'twas thieves. He was allers lookin' out fer thieves ter come and torture him fer his money.

"So he sets up in bed, and 'Whack!' one er the arms of that windmill contraption caught him right on the ear. He thought 'twas burglars sure, then, and hollers 'Murder!' and 'Help!' ter wake the dead. And every time he'd rise up that mosquito mill

would knock him down again. He was purty nigh used up when 'Lish and his wife got ter him.

"So he was more down on 'Lish than a thousand er brick, and made his will all over again,' givin' me and Olindy everything, and back he come ter live with us. This time we thought we had him fer keeps, 'cause he was so dead set agin' the Blounts that the best name he had fer 'em was 'Murd'ers,' and if yer mentioned inventions he'd rave fer hours tergether.

"Well, he stayed along at our house and stayed along. Couple er years went by and he was still with us. Olindy and me begun to put down a list of the things we was goin' ter buy when the property was urn. New melodeon fer the parlor, new whatnot, new haircloth fer the settin'-room sofy, any quantity er things. And the old man gettin' older every day and crankier and deefier.

"Fust along we was as careful of him as if he was made outer glass; run round after him, and fetched and toted fer him, and always smiled sweeter 'n butter, no matter how he fussed and fumed. But after a while—you know how 'tis when the newness of a thing wears off—we got more used ter him and we weren't quite so careful of our manners.

"Yer see, he bein' so deef, 'twas a great temptation ter sass back under our breaths when he was partic'lar outrageous. 'Twas a kind of relief ter our feelin's ter tell him what we thought of him, smilin' all the time as if we was sayin' somethin' mighty perlite. 'Course, when he'd ask us what we was talkin' about, we'd holler that 'twas a fine day, er the like er that. You know how 'tis when a person's hard er hearin'.

"Got so 'twas a kind er joke, as yer might say. I'd do it at the table

jest fer fun. 'Have some beans, you old image?' I'd ask him, the fust part loud enough ter take the roof off, and the rest in jest a reg'lar tone er voice. And then Olindy'd pucker up her face ter keep from laffin'.

"Fer them two years he never mentioned 'Lisha's folks except ter run 'em down, but all at once he commenced ter change his tune. Begun ter wonder how they was gittin' along and let on he'd kinder like ter see 'em, till Olindy and me began ter git reel worried.

"His seventy-eighth birthday was comin', and we thought 'twould please him if we made a kind er celebration out of it. We talked it over some and Olindy said she'd git up a special good dinner and have a birthday cake with seventy-eight candles



"'No,' he says, 'the old alligator won't have no more.'"

burnin' on it. I told her 'twas pesky foolishness, and would look like a bean patch with the poles on fire, but she was sot on it and said he was old and childish and would be tickled ter death, so I let her go ahead.

"Well, the mornin' of his birthday I hitched up and drove down ter the village ter buy the candle's fer that everlastin' cake. I was goin' ter git wax ones, but they cost so like all git out that I decided spermaceti'd have ter do. So I bought seventy-eight of the sperm ile kind and went home, and when I got there I found Olindy in a stew.

"Seems she'd gone over ter the Nickerson's ter borror some molasses, and she and Pashy Nickerson got talkin' about the minister's wife and how extravagant Nathaniel Nixon was sence he got married, and one thing another, till 'twas eleven o'clock 'fore she started home. On the way she met Lysander Howes, who carries the mail box, and he says:

"I left a package at your house," he says. 'Twas fer yer Uncle D'rius."

"Well, you can imagine how cur'ous Olindy was ter find out what was in that package. She s'pected twas some of 'Lish's doin's right off. But, would yer b'lieve it, Uncle D'rius wouldn't tell her. He was in one of his stubborn fits and said 'twan't nawthin' anyhow, and, if 'twas, 'twant nobody's bus'ness but his.

"And he wouldn't tell me, either, when I come home. Me and Olindy hunted fer the paper that was on the package, so's we could see the writin' of the address, but we couldn't find it. He'd burnt it up, most likely.

"We had a fine dinner, turkey and cranb'ry sass and punkin pie, and the land knows what, but nawthin' suited Uncle D'rius.

"He growled at the vittles, and said this was burnt and that was too rare, till I got madder 'n a wet hen.

"Fin'ly Olindy went out and fetched in the birthday cake. 'Twas a noble old cake, I tell yer—it had ter be ter make room fer all them candles. There was "UNCLE DARU" on it, done in red peppermint lozenges. Olindy made the letters too big, so there wasn't room fer the S on the end.

"I scratched a match on my trousers and lit up the candles, and they blazed and sputtered and smelt fer all the world like a whaler 'tryin' out." I went ter cut a piece of the cake and two of the candles upset and burnt my hand, and that didn't make me any better company.

"Here's a big slice fer you, uncle," I howled, and then I says, in my usual tones, 'It looks as if 'twould pizen yer, and I hope ter goodness it does.'

"Well, he jest grinned, and took the slice and went ter eatin', and I sat back and pulled my mustache down, so he wouldn't see my lips move, and commented.

"I sartinly did give it ter him hot and heavy. Olindy had ter cough ha'f-a-dozen times ter keep from hollerin' right out.

"See him eat! I'd say. 'We've got him this time. Every mouthful's jest as good as a deed ter two acres er that cranb'ry swamp. Have some more? That's the ticket! We'll kill the old deaf reptile this time. I can see that melodeon in the parlor. Order the undertaker, Olindy; this is the best day's work you ever done.'

"When he'd finished three whoppin' slices, I says, 'Better have a little more, you old alligator, we want to kill yer quick; don't want yer ling'rin' along.'

"Then he gits up kinder slow and deliberate, lays down his knife and fork and says he:

"No," he says, 'the old alligator won't have no more. He's had enough—of cake, and other things. But I wouldn't order that melodeon this afternoon, if I was you, ner I wouldn't figger on pickin' them cranberries this season.'

"And out er the room he walks, leavin' Olindy and me lookin' at each other like a couple er waxworks.

"He can hear!" says she, after a spell.

"He's heard every word we've said!" says I. Then we both looked at each other and never said 'boo' fer much as five minutes. Then we heard Uncle D'rius comin' stampin' downstairs. He had his old plug hat on and his cane was in his hand, and he hobbled out of the gate and down the road.

"You must foller him," says Olindy.

"I grabbed my hat and ran after him. He went ter the telegraph office. When he come out er there I hurried in and tried ter find out who he'd telegraphed to, but he'd left word fer the clerk not ter tell me, and I couldn't git no satisfaction. Olindy was fairly dancin' up and down on the porch when I got home.

"He's upstairs in his room," she says, 'with the door locked, and he's heavin' things round like all possessed. He's been deaf fer years and years,' says she. 'How, how, HOW can he hear now?'

"I dunno," says I, 'but I know our goose

is cooked if we don't make it up with him somehow.'

"So we went upstairs and pleaded and hollered through the keyhole fer as much as an hour. Fin'ly I give Olindy the nudge and we both broke out cryin' and sobbin' like a couple of waterin' carts. But all the

"This is your doin's,' says I, runnin' out and shakin' my fist at 'Lish.

"'Yes,' says he, grinnin'. 'I'm glad ter say 'tis. Here's somethin' you may be interested in,' and he throwed me a piece of paper.

"'Twas a printed circular and it says on it, 'The Deef Hear! Blount's marvelous



"'This is your doin's,' says I, runnin' out and shakin' my fist at 'Lish."

satisfaction we got was him a-tellin' us not ter strain our lungs, 'cause he could hear us if we didn't cry quite so much like an injyne whistle.

"At four o'clock somebody drives up to the gate, and 'twas 'Lish in his buggy. Uncle D'rius come hoppin' down the steps with his shut-over bag filled right up ter the top.

"'Oh, Uncle, dear!' sobs Olindy, 'where be you goin'?"

"'The old deaf reptyle,' says he, 'is goin' ter another burrer.' And he climbs inter the buggy.

"'Out er Sight' Ear Drums for restorin' the hearin'. Ordinary conversation easily heard. Entirely Invisible! and so and so on.

"'Them's my latest invention,' says 'Lish. 'I sent Uncle D'rius a pair fer a birthday present. He's been wearin' 'em ever sence mornin'. Yer *can* hear ordinary conversation with 'em, can't yer, uncle?"

"'Yes,' says the old man, 'and *extra*-ordinary conversation, too.'

"Then they drove off and I went in and kicked what was left of that birthday cake from the kitchen ter the parlor and back agin."



"They were seated on an oaken settle in the library."

—*"A Pennyworth of Romance."*—p. 545.

A PENNYWORTH OF ROMANCE

By MARIE MANNING

THE stage swayed around Washington Arch and started up Fifth Avenue at a brisk trot. The unusual speed of a member of the most leisurely of public conveyance fraternities was attributable to the fact that Murphy, who held the ribbons, had just refreshed himself at the "power house"—the popular alias, among the stage drivers, of Mr. O'Rourke's corner establishment.

It was not a matter of life and death that Thornton should catch that particular stage, but if you had seen him rush along the north side of Washington Square you would have thought it was; which merely proved that he was too good an American to let an opportunity—or a crowded vehicle—pass him by. He gave chase, though the papers were again printing their favorite hot weather announcement that it was the warmest day in thirty years, and boarded the vehicle hot and disheveled.

Murphy had well-defined views regarding the relationship of capital to labor. They found expression—after a visit to the "power house"—in driving straight up Fifth Avenue, unmindful of brandishing umbrellas and "bays!" At such times Murphy felt that the down-trodden workingman was not without compensation. Of course, if a man wished to make an acrobat of himself, chase the stage and swing on, like Thornton—Murphy had no objections.

But on the particular trip in which Thornton thus distinguished himself, Murphy caught a glimpse of a would-be passenger at Twelfth Street, that made him pull up his horses with a jerk and break his record. She—of course, this epoch-making passenger was a woman—stood on the corner making vague passes in the direction of the oncoming stage with the point of a ruffled white parasol. She seemed to confer the grace of a victoria on the great, clumsy vehicle by her mere passive presence, and Thornton, as he caught a glimpse of his red perspiring countenance in the adjacent scrap of mirror, alternately cursed his stupidity in chasing the stage till he presented such a spectacle, and rejoiced in the speed that had made him her fellow-passenger.

She opened her purse and began to poke about it for her fare—she puckered up her

mouth which brought about the bewildering co-operation of two dimples, and when Thornton could tear his attention from these items to go on with the entangling inventory, he found a pair of brown eyes that completed his undoing. They had warm tints, like sherry that is held to the light, and the brown hair matched the eyes to perfection—indeed, a conscientious shopper could not have matched them better had she taken a whole morning to it.

She was still engrossed in an apparently futile search for change, and while Thornton hoped with fruitless optimism that she might not have it—and he, perhaps, would have the privilege of paying her fare—she cut short his hopes and fears by rising and depositing five pennies in the box—to judge by the jingling rattle.

"Oh-hh-! rat-tat-tat-tat!" and the point of the beruffled white parasol was sharply knocking the window.

"Phwat is it?" and Murphy applied his watery blue eye to the little round hole in the glass via which change and communications are passed between driver and passengers.

"Driver," she said, "I've dropped a five-dollar gold piece in with those pennies and you must get it out for me."

"Begorra! I can't do that, miss. Sure, the box is locked, and pwhat goes in, shtays in."

She vindictively regarded the box; a picture of bewitching rebellion against the total depravity of inanimate things. She pounded it with her little white-gloved fist, she peered through the dingy glass, but the pennies huddled stupidly in a heap.

Thornton knew it was his chance to acquit himself by suggesting some brilliant solution of the problem. But as he struggled to live up to the opportunity, vouchsafed by the gods, he could only mop his head and think.

"But you must do something, really." She half entreated, half commanded Murphy. "You really must."

"Sorry, miss, but there's nothing to be done but for yoursilf to ride to the ind of the rout; and mesilf will re-port the intire occhurrance to the rasayvir; an' fwihin he

others the box opened yoursilf can claim the gold piece."

"But I can't ride to the end of the route," she protested. "I'm on my way to the Grand Central Station and I'll miss my train."

"Thim's the rules of the company." And Murphy turned to his horses as if it were useless to argue further.

Then Thornton had his inspiration; not a brilliant one, certainly, but an expedient that at least suggested good intention—and kindness.

"Pardon me—it does seem a bit complicated—but couldn't the matter be arranged this way—I am not in the least pressed for time, and if you will permit me to give you five dollars, I will ride to the end of the route and claim yours."

She hesitated, blushed, then thanked him with the entangling accompaniment of the dimples. "It was so stupid of me," she said, with just a suggestion of confidence, "but I thought the gold piece was a new penny. I didn't realize till afterwards that I had a five-dollar gold piece in my pocket."

Thornton mumbled something about his pleasure in rendering so trifling a service. Murphy, with his eye glued to the hole, assured her he would explain the situation to the "rasayvir," and she left the stage at Forty-second Street.

When they reached the stables Murphy clambered down from his seat and with a, "Come on, you, now," which did not signify

the disrespect it implied, but, rather, the fellowship shared by the participants in some unusual adventure, led the way to the office.

The receiver heard Murphy's redundant

recital of the facts with reserved skepticism that made Thornton long to throttle him. He fetched the box, however, upturned the coins on the top of his desk, and spreading them flat with the palms of his hands prepared to search. There was no glint of gold among the tarnished pennies and dull nickels thus revealed in the ensemble, and the receiver began a coin-to-coin hunt, deftly checking off each with the tip of his middle right finger into the palm of the left hand.

"I guess there ain't any five-dollar gold piece,"

the receiver said, after checking off the last penny.

Murphy broke into a perfect crescendo of laughter. "Do you moind that now, th' little devil, to go an' do a dhirthy thrick like dthat, an' her wid th' face av an angel!"

Thornton silenced him, and after explaining to the receiver, who appeared to have some difficulty in maintaining his official dignity, that it was undoubtedly a mistake, and that the young lady would probably call to rectify it, left his card.

On his way out, he heard Murphy entertaining a group of drivers with a recital of "the very latest skin game—and you'll do well to be afther watching out for it."



"She . . . stood on the corner making vague passes in the direction of the oncoming stage with the point of a ruffled white parasol."

In leaving his card, Thornton had decided that he had no right to prevent her from repaying an obligation that would be irritating to a sensitive girl, besides, there was the latent hope that should she remember so simple an expedient as writing, he would thus discover who she was, and an acquaintance begun under such unusual circumstances might—but poor Thornton, who has just lost five dollars, is certainly entitled to a few thoughts of his own.

But as he received no word from the stage company, he even went the length of reading the personals in the daily papers, in the hope of finding something beginning, "Will the gentleman who assisted lady in Fifth Avenue stage——" But it was inconceivable to think of a girl like that employing the personal columns in any exigency. So the episode drifted into Thornton's limbo of experiences, where he found a little grim humor in ticketing it as an "It might have been."

Mrs. Severle had a black cook who prepared terrapin in a way to make a man think twice before declining an invitation to one of her dinners. When Thornton received one, he never thought at all, he accepted with an alacrity that proves there are compensations even in the lonely lives of bachelors. I blush to tell it of a hero, but Thornton went to Mrs. Severle's dinner with a mind in which terrapin was the predominant thought. Perhaps that is why he was prevented from giving it a moment's further consideration—the fates having such a sense of humor when it comes to mortal affairs—at all events, he looked at and thought of

Mrs. Severle's niece who sat beside him, far more often than was consistent with the proprieties.

For Mrs. Severle's niece had dimples and eyes like sherry held toward the light and hair to match them— Ah, you recognize the description! She had not changed in the intervening two years.

They had parried a little tentative dinner English during the earlier courses, and she had summed him up to the imp of her inner consciousness as, "plain boiled man, heavy, likes to give undivided attention to his dinner." She had summed him up thus critically, not knowing what havoc she was



"Driver," she said, "I've dropped a five dollar gold piece in with those pennies and you must get it out for me."

making of an estimable bachelor's digestion—not to say, heart. The while he wrestled bitterly with the demon of wounded vanity—how could she have forgotten him so utterly?

Thornton was determined to bring the conversation round to Fifth Avenue stages or lose faith in himself as a strategist; to this end, he made a wide detour around automobiles, stopping just long enough for a word on their delights, dangers and disadvantages; then came the decline and fall of the horse, the chance of an improvement in the condition of equine survivors, now that the ignominy of street-car hauling had been taken from them.

She listened vaguely. Why had Aunt Serena sent her into dinner with such a bore? Street cars, horses, automobiles—the creature must be the president of a traction company! She stifled a yawn, but Thornton knew of its passing by the flash of those dimples—they nerved him to persist in the teeth of failure.

"He hoped to see the day when the Fifth Avenue stages would be run by electricity!" She looked even a trifle more bored, and helped herself to salad. They were actually at the salad, and he had made no more progress.

"The condition of the stage horse was pitiable, slipping on the ice in winter, dropping with the heat in summer——"

"Ah," she decided, "he belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—nothing can stop him."

Thornton rattled on, making no visible progress, feeling himself beaten, yet hating to acknowledge it.

"Stages," she said at length, a trifle wearily, "are a sorry subject to me. If we must talk public vehicles, let's make it Broadway cables, or even Pullmans—as a conductor of heat, what do you think of Pullman car plush on a summer day?"

He could have embraced her before them all. "Certainly, by all means, we might even make it hansoms; but do you know, I am unwarrantably curious to know why stages are a sorry subject to you?"

"I have spent two years in trying to find a man who once sat opposite me in a Fifth Avenue stage."

"Happy man!" said Thornton, and he meant it.

"He is anything but a happy man," said Miss Meredith, "inasmuch as I 'buncoed' him—so my brother calls it—out of five dollars."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Severle, "please don't tell that story again. You are getting to be like the ancient mariner. I begin to fear that you will yet stop people going to weddings—or was it funerals?"

"But, please, Mrs. Severle, I've never heard it," pleaded Thornton.

"You don't know what you have to be thankful for," said Tom Meredith, her brother, from across the table, "we've heard nothing else for two years. At first, she used to send me charging after strange men in theatres and such places, to ask if they were it; but, of late, I've objected."

"It has all the delights of matching a ribbon, with the added delight that the ribbon is never matched," said Mrs. Severle. "It represents a continuous shopping performance."

"Do I look like the missing man, Miss Meredith?" asked Thornton.

"That's the difficulty, I never looked at him—I was in such a hurry."

"The family has made Rowena promise that she won't tell the stage story till after New Year's. No use urging it, Mr. Thornton," and Tom smiled teasingly.

"If you will permit me, Miss Meredith, I will tell you a stage story after dinner," Thornton said, as Mrs. Severle gave the signal to the ladies.

They were seated on an oaken settle in the ingle nook of the library, and he had begun his stage story.

"It was at Twelfth Street that she got on, and she carried a ruffled white parasol and dropped five pennies in the box, and she thought one of them——"

"Mr. Thornton!"—but it was too delightful to let every one know immediately, so they lowered their voices and kept it to themselves. . . .

"Has Thornton been going in for anything particularly good lately?" asked one of the men. "He looks about ten years younger."

"He's talking to Miss Meredith—isn't that enough?" said the other, rather sourly. He had expected to talk to Miss Meredith himself.

Just then, in the sudden drop of conversation, they heard Thornton say, "You don't agree with Mrs. Severle that the ribbon will never be matched, do you?"

Her answer was too low to be heard.

"Idiot!" said the other man, "to talk to a girl like that about ribbons!"

It was announced in the spring.

THE NATION'S CONSCIENCE FUND

By H. E. ARMSTRONG

IN the year 1811 an anonymous citizen of New York sent a dollar to the Treasury Department at Washington with an avowal that he had defrauded the government and wanted to make restitution. A dollar meant something to Uncle Sam in those necessitous days when the country verged on war with Great Britain, and it was a patriotic as well as a penitent act. The contributor was the founder of the Conscience Fund, and probably he died in the odor of sanctity. During the preceding thirty-five years of the life of the Republic no one had despoiled the Government, or the private conscience was callous. This New York man, indeed, seems to have been the one blemish on a golden era of national virtue, for fifty years were to elapse before there was an addition to the fund. In 1861, just after Sumter was fired on, the sum of \$6,000 in bonds was received by the Treasury Department with a letter explaining that a sorely tried conscience could no longer endure its burden of guilt. The plain inference was that the sender, realizing the United States would need a mint of money to carry on the war, judged it not to be a time to defer repentance. Think of the bounty jumpers who profited by his fat contribution! It was really useful to the country in another way: The Conscience Fund, which had languished for want of a shining example, now became active. It has been quoted pretty steadily ever since. At the present time it amounts to more than \$300,000. Indeed, restitution is getting to be the fashion, and the time may come when no one will take advantage of the government, or do so only with the laudable design of swelling the Conscience Fund when any emergency confronts Uncle Sam.

Sometimes the remorse of those who have cheated the United States is in inverse ratio to the sum of the fraud. President Cleveland once received a letter from a child that must have moved him deeply, for, doubtless, it was laid before him as a curiosity.

"Dear President," it ran, "I am in a dreadful state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago—as near as I can recollect, it

was two years ago—I used two postage stamps that had been used on letters before—perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember doing it twice. I did not realize what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turned on that subject, and I think of it day and night. Now, dear President, will you please forgive me, and I promise you I will never do it again. Enclosed find cost of three stamps, and please forgive me, for I was then but thirteen years old and am heartily sorry for what I have done."

The Treasury Department does not know whether this letter was written by a boy or girl, but the internal evidence of expression assures us it was a girl. Imagine a boy being "in a dreadful state of mind" about fooling Uncle Sam with a couple of canceled stamps. The urchin might regret he had wronged his country and make amends, but the crime would not oppress his mind and rack his conscience with intolerable torments. Surely the culprit was a girl. How she must have tossed on her bed in the blackness of the long, silent nights and gone about her daylight tasks with the feeling of a moral leper! Big, strong men at the same time were acting on the Haytian principle that it is not a crime to rob the government. This the President knew, and that is why he had a lump in his throat when he read the confession of the little girl. It is the most pathetic of all the letters on file in the Treasury Department that have accompanied contributions to the Conscience Fund.

Another letter that ought to make a hardened speculator ashamed of himself was received from a Chicago man. "Some years ago," he wrote, "I took a small apple tree from the government orchard at Fort Sheridan, and, wishing to make compensation for same, I enclose one dollar in stamps." A cynic might argue that this person had made the apple tree produce a hundredfold, and that he was doing a mean act in sending the government a beggarly dollar. But, no. He was a failure as an apple grower—the tree had died on his hands, and he was haunted by it; or his mortgage had been foreclosed, and in deep despondency his bet-

ter nature prevailed, and he made restitution for his peace of mind. A successful grower would have reasoned that the loss of one small tree would not embarrass the government, and, any way, it was he and not the government that had cultivated it.

The following letter from New Waterford, Ohio, would abash even the cynic: "While in the army in 1863, at one time when there was bread being distributed, I managed to get two loaves when I supposed it was intended for each person to have only one. Therefore, to satisfy a reproving conscience, I remit one dollar, which, I suppose will cover the amount with compound interest, which please drop in the Treasury." The compound interest on one loaf of bread valued at five cents would fall far short of ninety-five cents so the government is evidently in debt to the wretch who snatched a double ration to sate his hunger. But the government, being a political corporation, has no soul and will let the other fellow walk the floor hugging his sin. It is impossible that restitution in such a case can dull the gnawing of remorse.

Stress of religious feeling prompts restitution in many cases, and the contributors, not satisfied with returning their ill-gotten gains, confess their sin, crave absolution, promise to lead a better life and grovel in contrition. But, as a rule, they are careful to conceal their identity. In 1897 an "Unhappy Penitent" addressed President McKinley as follows:

"Enclosed please find three dollars, the amount of which I did not defraud the government of, but only a few small coins, but will send more to give peace to my tortured conscience. The act was committed in childhood. Remorse has taken hold of me, and I cannot rest. Who but God, my Heavenly Father, has made me do this? Oh, that I may feel that I am forgiven, for God, my Father, knows I wouldn't do such a thing now! Forgive me for withholding my name. If I were face to face with you I wouldn't hesitate to tell you, but I have other reasons. Pray for me, too. May God bless you and yours! Please do not publish this, but still how am I ever to find out that you received it? I trust the Lord will take care of it. But please don't publish it."

"Ezekiel, 33d chapter, 15th verse."

No doubt, a department clerk looked up the scriptural reference and read: "If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statute of life,

without committing iniquity, he shall surely live, he shall not die."

This is an extraordinary case. How are we to diagnose it? A few small coins measured the fraud on the government. Possibly the sinner got too much change at the stamp window, in which case the clerk had to make up the deficiency; or some counterfeit nickels were passed, and an apple woman may have been the sufferer. A seared conscience required a sacrifice. It was appraised at three dollars, and the President of the United States was called upon to pray that the offender would keep the straight and narrow path. A police magistrate, accustomed to deal with frail and perjured humanity, would say that "a few small coins" was dust thrown in the eyes of the Administration, and that the peculation exceeded three dollars many times over. The letter quoted ran the whole gamut of religious hysteria. It was like a profession of faith at a camp-meeting when the brothers and sisters are powerfully moved. Remorse is not often given to such contortions. "From one who wishes to lead a Christian life," wrote a contributor who sent three pennies. "God knows the name and the sin," exclaimed another who enclosed a moderate sum with the statement that it belonged to the United States Treasury. Dignified and sober was the explanation of an old soldier, who was evidently setting his house in order:

"Please find my thirty dollars, to be placed to the credit of the Conscience Fund. From the awakened conscience of an old veteran who has been laying aside a little at a time, and who has not been able yet to figure just what it is, but hopes to light on the data and restore it before he is called to meet his God."

The letter was written on foolscap in a round, resolute hand. Probably this old soldier on leaving the service had retained equipment that should have been turned in, or the government had sent him arrears of pension to which he was not entitled. The venerable citizen of Pleasant Lake, North Dakota, was making himself presentable for the Judgment Day when he thus accounted for an enclosure of ten dollars: "All of us become honest as we near the Great Hereafter. I need only sign my name, Conscience."

Seldom do the sufferers warn the government against similar frauds by explaining how they imposed upon it. An exception must be noted in the case of amateur smug-

glers, that is to say, home-coming tourists who outwit the customs officers. There is not much evidence that these offenders are overwhelmed by the enormity of their crime. They refund, in a better moment, from a sense, perhaps, that they engaged in a small business. The remarks accompanying the remittance are often laconic, but sometimes they are an attack on the protective system. "Dear sir," wrote a very just but dignified person to Secretary Carlisle, "though I disapprove as heartily as you of the recent tariff laws, I think it the duty of every honest man to declare fully the duty of articles subject to the same, as he can only avoid doing so by perjuring himself. I did so when I returned from Europe with the exception of a few trifles which, if examined, would have involved disturbing the contents of my trunk to the injury of my property, but with the intention of sending a full duty thereon to you."

Continuing, the writer expressed the hope that the Secretary would have the tariff laws amended, "less on account of the economic ignorance which they display than because of the terrible demoralization which they have aided to bring about." He signed himself "A. B. C." If "A. B. C." has returned from Europe lately and undergone the inquisition and annoyance to which travelers are now subjected he will not worry about "a few trifles" that escaped the ken of inspectors. Their arbitrary methods have doubtless reduced the receipts of the Conscience Fund, for the amateur smuggler resents being regarded as a suspect before he has made up his mind to cozen the government.

Remorse cannot be read in this communication of a Brooklyn man, but rather reluctance: "Duties, six dollars." A New Yorker sent forty dollars to Secretary Carlisle with the brief explanation: "The enclosed belongs to the United States." A month later he transmitted fifty dollars more. New York really has a conscience, in spite of detraction, for it contributes to the fund liberally. A letter from a New York woman whose heart was as tender as her conscience, ran as follows: "Fifteen dollars to pay duty on a piece of embroidery bought of a poor lady in Canada to help her along, but contrary to my wish brought across the line by her brother without paying duty. The United States Consul informed me that there was a duty of sixty per cent. on that class of work." This involuntary smuggler would have done better to apply the fifteen dollars

to the charity of helping the poor Canadian lady along. This government would have survived. The case is one to make us almost quarrel with the Conscience Fund. Women contributors, by the way, are always in a flutter lest the remittance should not be large enough to absolve them. "A number of years ago" wrote one, "I omitted or failed to pay a tax on an article possessed by my family. I do not remember exactly how much it was, but I think ten dollars will cover it. And I here enclose ten dollars to you as payment to the United States government for said tax."

Pat and blithe was the effusion of the government employee at Alexandria, Ind.:

"Too much pay

This month of May."

There is a sly humor that would have delighted Charles Lamb in this from a department clerk: "A clear conscience softens the hardest bed, and as I am a poor government clerk, my bed is very hard and needs much softening; so I herewith return twelve cents overpaid me last pay day, and besides I have loafed a good deal lately." There was no humor in the soul of another department clerk who remitted two dollars "for articles taken dishonestly from this office," but he was a just man made perfect, and no doubt bought his own stationery afterwards, sleeping the better for it. The boldest man who ever restored government money anonymously slipped through the pickets outside Secretary Gage's office last year, handed him an envelope marked "Private," which contained \$200, and with a tragic air fled from the Secretary's presence. There was something heroic about the stranger's resolve that there should be no miscarriage of the price of peace, though he knew he must hazard recognition.

Nothing is more curious than the puny deceits which the regenerate sometimes practice when contributing to the fund, matching their cunning, as it were, against the detective skill of an outraged government. A Pomery (Ohio) penitent who sent thirty-six dollars with a dirty scrawl almost illegible, "Money I owe the public," thought to pass for an illiterate and to throw suspicion on his inferiors. Letters, although written in a hand denoting refinement, are often misspelled so clumsily that a Sherlock Holmes is not needed to detect the imposture. A Baltimore exquisite feared to write a word lest she betray herself, but the dainty paper in which the sum of seventeen dollars was wrapped bore a monogram, and habit

added another clew in the wax seal on the envelope's back.

In hard times remittances fall off, on the principle that you must be "flush" before you are generous with the government. In 1895 only seventeen individuals in our population of 70,000,000 confessed to overreaching Uncle Sam and reimbursed him. They turned in \$700. It was regarded as a light remorse business. The banner contribution came from London through Consul-General Patrick Collins in March, 1896. A clergyman in the Presbytery of St. Paul, who was acting for a parishioner, placed the sum of \$14,255.15 in his hands, for transmission to the United States government. No explanation was vouchsafed. In the Treasury Department at Washington speculation was rife for a time about the true inwardness of this contribution. An opinion advanced was that some speculating customs officer had "got religion." It was also conjectured that the sum represented duties evaded by an importer who no longer needed the money in his business. The next largest contribution was \$8,000 in notes of large denominations

which came from New York in 1891, the source being equally mysterious. Occasionally a name that appears to be genuine accompanies the amount. But the Treasury Department's receipt usually comes back undelivered. Unless the remittances are trifling they are always acknowledged in the newspapers. This rule of the department is, no doubt, a solace to the penitent. Humorists sometimes try their wit on the government with inventions that are too transparent to get into print. Cranks indite letters more remarkable for length than point, but no crank has sent the government a welcome addition to the fund. The large sums come from persons who unmistakably have suffered from remorse, and whether fearful that life is drawing to a close, or religious conviction has reclaimed them, they cannot feel relief or know a tranquil mind until their accounts with the government are squared. It has been said that if revival meetings could be held all over the United States simultaneously the Conscience Fund would jump like a cornered stock on the Exchange.

LORD STRATHCONA

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT



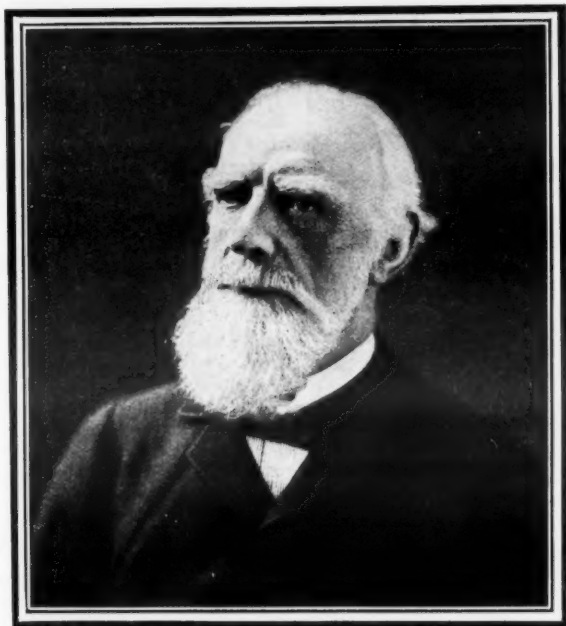
The Coat of Arms of Lord Strathcona.

IN 1897 the Herald's College, London, was constrained to produce a coat of arms for a newly created baron. The occasion demanded an excursion into a fresh field for emblems, and the daggers, mailed hands, the castles and collared wolves that commemorated feudal prowess and old-world achievements had to be laid aside. The only thing the college did not abandon was a lion rampant and the jargon, but even the lion was only half a lion and the jargon sounded like a voyageur's song played upon a sackbut. The arms you may see here reproduced, and if you want to hear the modern tune on the mediaeval instrument here it is: "*Arms, Gules on a fesse argent between a demi-lion rampant in chief or, and a canoe of the last*

with four men paddling proper, in the bow a flag of the second, flowing to the dexter, inserted with the letters N. W. Sable in base. A hammer surmounted by a nail in Saltere of the last. *Crest*, on a mount, vert, a beaver eating into a maple tree proper. *Motto*, Perseverance."

The arms were to be borne by Lord Strathcona, who had begun life as plain Donald A. Smith. He was born in the year 1820 at Archieston, Morayshire, Scotland. At the age of eighteen he entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and his career began. He chose to ally himself with the ancient institution that had its charter from Charles I., because his family had been from very early in its history connected with the company and Northwest trade. He had been educated for the Civil Service in India, but the glamor of a life of adventure in the far North had greater attractions for the ambitious youth than the enervating routine of official circles in the East.

At that time if one had prophesied for



Notman photo.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Mr. Smith the eventful career he has had the prediction would have been met with incredulous shrugs. The company was ancient and honorable, and there were comfortable profits to be made in a manner that was so systematized that failure was almost impossible. After a certain term of years he might be sure of retiring as many another with a comfortable income, and if he were supremely successful he might in the end be the governor of the company, but beyond the stockade that hedged the institution it might have been foretold that he would not go.

And for many years it appeared that Mr. Smith was to have a slow advancement, even within the company. He served for thirteen years on the Labrador coast, thirteen years in an inhuman climate, with no companionship save a few employees and his own thoughts; learning the secrets of the company, how to manage Indians, and how to produce the best returns. It was gradually discovered, for the authorities of the company were in haste about nothing, that in Donald A. Smith they had a servant with the valuable knack of turning everything to account. No matter how poor the post, he always showed a balance on the

right side of the ledger. But there are very few young gentlemen of the present day who would be willing to found a fortune upon thirteen years in Labrador, those thirteen magical years between eighteen and thirty-one.

Things happen, nevertheless, even in a country without people, and when they happen they have value, and you think about them afterwards. For instance, at one of Mr. Smith's posts he laid out a small graveyard beside the sea. There was no person in particular to bury, but a graveyard is an inevitable attachment to a house of life, and so it was furnished and kept in order. And one day an American sloop came into the little harbor. It must have been a good thing to see strangers who had nothing whatever to do with the concern. They were sportsmen; they admired the trim post and everything about it and the graveyard. "Yes," one of them said. "I should wish to be buried here, this is the spot where I should like to lie with that grand expanse of sea ever before me." . . . On board the sloop that very night the man died of apoplexy, and his friends buried him in the post graveyard.

The life of monotonous adventure breeds men who have self-reliance and a sureness of judgment in a degree corresponding to their natural endowments, and Mr. Smith had an unusual mental equipment for these



Hudson Bay Voyageurs With Supplies.

circumstances to work upon and develop. As a proof that no experience, even the dullest, is ever lost, the fact may be emphasized that Mr. Smith would never have been able to carry out schemes that had to encounter such definite material obstacles as lay in the path of the Canadian Pacific Railway had not his training in the wilderness taught him that such obstacles were dissolved by mere application of mental energy. In all such circumstances the words of the



One of Strathcona's Wards.

old buccanier might be quoted: "Brains will beat grim death if we have enough of them."

Mr. Smith was a product of the Hudson Bay Company, and there is one thing to be

remarked about the company and that is the vigor of its management and the power it has always shown of adapting itself to new conditions. At the present time in the outlying posts business is done in much the same way as it was done one hundred years ago. They use the same kind of clumsy fur press, and you will find them clinging to customs that elsewhere commerce has long ago abandoned. At one of these posts I have eaten potatoes grown from seed brought in fifty years before. The factor said they were the best potatoes in the world. They were as large as glass alleles and had the consistency of beeswax. At the same time in populous districts you will find the company's retail stores doing a modern trade in a modern way. This shrewdness of management has led to a selection always of the best available men for any given post, and Mr. Smith profited by the long experience of men and affairs that had preceded his apprenticeship.

Upon his removal in 1851 to the Northwest he entered upon the direct path that brought him into public life. It is doubtful whether there will ever be any local politics in Labrador, and it was well that Mr. Smith was transferred to the Northwest just when the territory was upon the eve of change. He passed through all the grades of Trader, Chief Trader, Factor, Chief Factor, until, in 1869, he was appointed Resident Governor, and so far as the Hudson Bay Company was concerned he had achieved the ultimate.

He did not rest here. A chain of untoward circumstances soon forced him into prominence, and his own great genius has kept him to the present time in the forefront of Canadian and Imperial affairs. About the year 1868 it became obvious that in the interests of the Canadian Federation the title of the Hudson Bay Company to the territory over which they had had for so many years absolute control should pass to the Crown. It was arranged that the sum of £300,000 and large reserves of land should represent the value of the charter, and the transfer was to be made. But when the new Lieutenant-Governor came to possess himself of his power he was turned back upon the borders of his domain by a handful of people who did not recognize his authority. These were the Metis, the half-breeds of the plains, who had not been consulted in the new arrangement, and who, therefore, viewed it with natural suspicion and distrust. Their leader was a fanatic, one Louis Riel, who was

properly hanged after his second rebellion in 1885.

In this extremity the Canadian government called upon three men of influence to inquire into the causes of the disturbance. The future Lord Strathcona was one of these men, and his opportunity to apply his consummate tact to a severe problem of government had come. For the first time his great prudence, his silent courage became manifest to an audience wider than the shareholders of a trading company. His

the claims of party. Mr. Smith naturally gave his adherence to the party in power—a Conservative government led by Sir John A. MacDonald—in whose hands was the destiny of the West. But that party was to learn that Mr. Smith was to be no slavish adherent.

In the Atlantean task of building a railway from ocean to ocean this government fell upon evil days. It became evident that it had trafficked with contractors and taken money for election purposes. The excite-



The Strathcona Horse in Review.

"Lord Strathcona gave the nation, at a critical time of war, a force of five hundred and forty mounted men, and every man proved in the very qualities required."

was the power that held the recalcitrant race in check until Wolseley, toiling through the iron wilderness, north of Lake Superior, arrived with his handful of volunteers. Then the rebellion disappeared as it had come, like a sudden thundercloud.

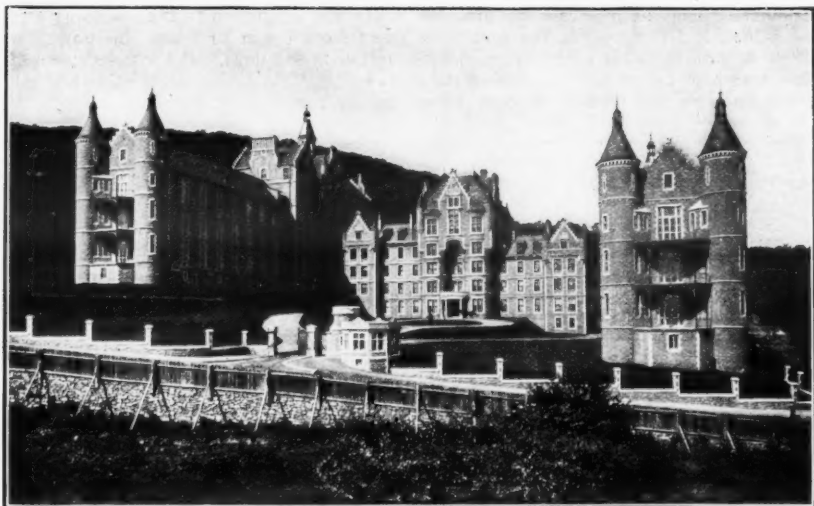
It left Donald S. Smith quite the most powerful man in the West. He was thanked by the Governor in Council, and during the next year he was elected to the House of Commons. In Canada political strife has always been bitter, and there it requires a man of great individuality to be superior to

ment in the country was intense, but in the House of Commons it centered. There in the first days of November, 1873, the question was fought to a finish. The House had to divide upon a motion of the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, the leader of the opposition to Sir John MacDonald. In a telling and dramatic speech Sir John threw himself upon the mercy of the House and the country. It became evident as the debate proceeded that one or two votes would decide the fate of the government.

At one o'clock in the morning of Novem-

ber 5, Mr. Smith got upon his feet. His utterance was to be oracular, for he and the people he represented were most vitally concerned in the building of a railway necessary to their existence. It has been his device never to allow any one to know what he

Sir John was bearing down. He was held back, gesticulating wildly. What he said never got into the blue books. His language was sometimes "frequent, and painful, and free." He cried out, "I'd slap your face as quick as hell would scorch a feather."



Notman photo.

The Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal.

"Donated to the city by Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen to commemorate the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887."

is going to do until he has done it. When that has transpired it seems tremendously worth while; the only right thing to have done. This scene was to be a case in point.

The House that had been before in a whirlpool of excited noise fell into a dead calm. Even until his closing words it was not evident whether he would adhere to his party or desert it. His speech was delivered into intense silence interrupted by hysterical bursts of applause. "For the honor of the country no government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

These were his closing words, capped by frantic ecstatic cheers from the opposition with which he had sided. The government was doomed, and for the moment it seemed that D. A. Smith's was the only name to the death warrant. The House broke up in disorder. In the corridors the members rushed together, cheering and handshaking, or reviling and threatening. Suddenly there was a storm center around Mr. Smith, upon whom

From which it would appear that Mr. Smith had something to forgive.

But they both forgave, and in after years, side by side, the great politician and the great financier built the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was in no idle spirit of laudation that Sir Charles Tupper stated that; "had it not been for Mr. Smith's indomitable pluck, energy and determination, the road would never have been constructed." Mr. Smith very early recognized the fact that in his country the railroad must precede colonization. He had faith in the West, and his first investment was in the purchase of a bankrupt railroad, the St. Paul & Pacific, that afterwards became a great factor in the development of Manitoba.

When the deal was announced by which a number of Montreal financiers obtained possession of the shares held in the road by Dutch bondholders the wiseacres shook their heads. Even some of the speculators quailed. At least, they have a legend in the city under the mountain that they all went to church one Sunday morning and the preacher

dealt so grievously with them that one at least trembled. It seemed that the message was for them alone. But it turned out that the Lord was on the side of the big battalions once more. For there could be no greater force at the back of an enterprise than the vast, undeveloped West, with its limitless resources.

The St. Paul and Pacific developed into a system, with St. Paul for a terminus, that assisted materially in developing the Northwestern states and in building up Manitoba. In truth, Lord Strathcona's great financial ability and his power of forming combinations and inspiring men with his own ideals and hopes received their first opportunity for application and development in connection with American enterprise.

Mr. J. J. Hill stated the truth when he said at St. Paul in 1893, "The one person to whose efforts and to whose confidence in the growth of our country our success in early railway development is due is Sir D. A. Smith."

In 1886 came Mr. Smith's first Imperial honor. He was created a Knight of St. Michael and St. George, and ten years later he received a Knight Grand Cross in the same order. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. During these years he attained to so many positions of financial trust that it

would take an index to keep track of them. He remained almost constantly in politics, unyielding as ever in all matters where subserviency was demanded by party exigencies. That marked him out as a peculiar politician, but his very presence in the House of Commons was a sort of oddity. He was not a legislator; he was not a statesman; he eschewed office; he seldom spoke. He was forced into the house by his personality, and he sat there representing the silent conservative power of investments. But from these remarks it is not to be supposed that he was not a working member. Probably few men have done so much parliamentary work, for, given tireless energy and the work pours down upon it like the shower of iron upon a magnet.

During the closing months of the Conservative administration early in 1896 he was appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London. The position was created in 1884, and Sir Charles Tupper was the only occupant before Lord Strathcona stepped into the London office. The High Commissionership combines all the functions of an ambassador and a financial agent, but has no diplomatic standing. The High Commissioner's office is a rallying point for all Canadians in London, and all visitors from Canada to the metropolis register there. The High Commissioner is expected to give



Notman photo.

The Children's Ward in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

information regarding the resources of the country, to guard its interests in Great Britain, and to have a general purview over all trade questions. Lord Strathcona's great knowledge of Canada and Canadian affairs, and his capacity for detail, render him peculiarly fit for such an exacting post. His lavish entertainment and his punctilious notice of all Canadians who may go to London has endeared him to many hearts. No man could fill this position with greater credit to himself and benefit to his country, and it will be well-nigh impossible to replace him.

The appointment is a political one, but when Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power shortly afterwards in the same year, Lord Strathcona still retained office as if nothing had happened. A man less independent would have gone down with the wreck of the Conservative party.

The vexed question of the South African war need not be discussed here. Lord Strathcona's opinion was expressed in human terms with a vigor that left no doubt as to his position. A little while ago he said, "Had I any doubt as to the justice of our cause I should never have fitted out the Strathcona Horse." The idea must have come to him in a flash; it was original. Search the annals of every country, ancient and modern, and you will not find its parallel. He gave the nation, at a critical time of the war, a force of five hundred and forty mounted men, completely equipped, and every man proved in the very qualities required. Two days after his offer was made, on the 13th of January, 1900, it was accepted by the Secretary of State for War, and in just two calendar

months and three days—on the 16th of March—the *Monterey* dropped away from Halifax with the troop aboard. In those two months twenty-eight officers, five hundred and twelve of other ranks and five hundred and ninety-nine horses had been collected.

The men were enrolled at twenty-three points between Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and Victoria, in British Columbia. They came out from the Yukon and the Peace River; they were of all classes from the scion of nobility to the cow-puncher from the Calgary ranches. Their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, an officer of the Northwest Mounted Police

Force, was the very man for the leader of such a troop. Each unit of the Strathconas might have said of his leader "bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade."

Lord Strathcona's responsibility for the regiment ceased upon its arrival at Cape Town. But until the *Monterey* touched the South African port all the expenditure for each and every detail of equipment, pay and transport was borne by him. The men received a complete outfit, as perfect as possible.

The troop was called into existence by an individual and seemed to have a peculiar solidarity. The conditions of free Western life had moulded the men, and they were all of one type. Their spirit was perfect, a combination of caution, dash, and stubbornness. They went to work quite in the key of a song composed for them at the time:

'Crash along, slash along,
cheer and away!
Round up the Boers at
peep o' the day,
Lasso them, throw them
and brand them V. R.
S. for Strathcona, below
the North Star.
Canada, Canada, Hip, Hip
Hurrah.
Blow 'Boot and Saddle'
mount and away.'

But they were to require patience, and



A Typical Post.

The Hudson Bay Company's house at Long Lake.



Old Fur Press Still in Use.

in the end showed that they had that soldierly quality for they were kept dangling at Cape Town while a raid was planned for them. The plan to cut the railway to Delagoa Bay landed them in Tongaland uselessly, and they returned to Durban to be attached to the Third Mounted Infantry Brigade under Lord Dundonald. After that they saw plenty of fighting during the campaign toward the Lydenburg district, and through it until, at the end of their service, they mustered in scarcely half strength. Sergeant Richardson won the Victoria Cross at Wolf Spruit. During an engagement at that point he rode back to rescue a trooper who had been wounded and had his horse shot. His comrade lay under his dead horse within three hundred yards of the enemy, who kept up an active cross fire, but Richardson, just out of hospital and on a wounded mount, dashed in and bore him safely away.

But the achievements of peace are saner and more lasting than those of war, and it will be as a philanthropist that Lord Strathcona will be remembered. Of his private benefactions only one man could tell, and that is himself. As his great public endowments have had, so far as he could make them, a private character there can be no record of those relatively small gifts whereby he has gladdened many hearts and lightened much suffering. These are subjects upon which not even his intimate friends can speak to Lord Strathcona; he will put them aside, courteously always and with that odd mixture of urbanity and firmness that is the characteristic of his manner.

But there are several of his gifts that cannot be easily concealed and will be remembrances of him so long as the city of Montreal shall remain upon her foundations. Jointly with Lord Mount-Stephen he set apart one million of dollars to erect a free hospital in Montreal to commemorate the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. Later, when the building had been erected on the side of the mountain they gave equally in the sum of eight hundred thousand to endow

the institution. There can be no finer site for an hospital in the world. It overlooks the whole city and the valley of the St. Lawrence. Behind rises the mountain, terraced with lovely gardens, before lie the squares and steeples, the glittering river; and beyond that, the misty champagne with here and there a domed mountain, and at intervals a town or village marked by a breath of smoke or the steeple of a parish church that flashes like a poniard in the sun. This hospital, the Royal Victoria, as it is called, is one of the best equipped institutions on this continent. Modern science has been exhausted to furnish it adequately, and it is possible by reason of the large



Notman photo.

The Royal Victoria College for Women at Montreal.

"Lord Strathcona has given probably one million dollars toward the cause of education in Canada."

endowment to keep pace with the newest discoveries and inventions.

Out of his own hand he has given probably one million dollars toward the cause of education in Canada. Most of this has gone to McGill University of Montreal. The foundation of the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women is one of the most popular and useful bequests to this university. "Donalda" it is affectionately called, in the feminized form of Strathcona's Christian name. The beautiful building guarded by a white marble statue of Queen Victoria, seated, looks down Union Avenue from Sherbrooke Street just on the border of the college grounds.

All this munificence has flowed from a genuine heart, and no public man has given with greater generosity or more noble aim.

For though Lord Strathcona has a princely fortune it is not fabulous, and the bequests, of which but a few have been mentioned, represent in comparison with larger donations equally lavish expenditure.

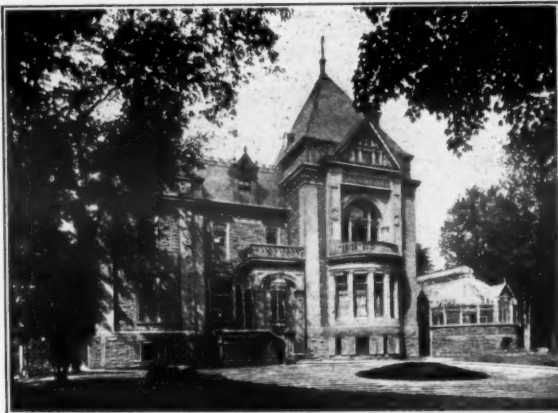
One of the marked features of Lord Strathcona's character is his loyalty to every one and everything appertaining to the Hudson Bay Company. If you want to see him brighten mention some old factor or trader in the North. They, in their turn, are as loyal to him and trust him with all they have.

The company is his larger family; he is as faithful and interested in his smaller family, but with the added power that personal feeling and associations give. He is devoted to Lady Strathcona, whom he married in the Northwest when he was a factor of one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts. She was a daughter of Richard Hardisty of the same company, a man whose memory is yet living in the Edmonton district, where he made his name as a great trader and a boon companion. His grandchildren, the sons and daughters of Dr. Robert J. B. Howard, are his great delight. His daughter and only child has the title of Honorable by courtesy, and as the descent of his peerage was fixed last year in the female line, her eldest son is the future Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. This Barony is, in fact, the only one created for a Canadian that has any chance of perpetuity.

Of houses Lord Strathcona has many. His London residence is 53 Cadogan Square, S. W. Strathcona House, at Glencoe, in Argyleshire, is his estate in Scotland. Near Winnipeg is Silver Heights, where he still has a distant interest in his thoroughbred stock. In Nova Scotia, at Pictou, is Norway House.

But his favorite residence is No. 1,157 Dorchester Street, Montreal. Here he has surrounded himself with an artistic atmosphere. His gallery contains many of the finest pictures on the continent; a glorious Turner, and examples of Raphael, Titian, Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Breton, Constant,

Constable and Millais. The Japanese room is filled with priceless examples of Eastern art. But throughout this house, which is first of all a home, unostentatious comfort reigns, and through it moves, with an air of perfect simplicity, the master, who has



Notman photo.

Lord Strathcona's Home in Montreal.

brought all these treasures together.

In private life Lord Strathcona is a considerate husband and father and a most engaging host. He does not greatly care for personal talk. He is too self-contained and too watchful to be drawn out. Control and a sort of lofty prudence are expressed by his bearing and by the intrepid look in his eyes. He carries with him the atmosphere that surrounds all men who have dwelt long in solitudes. His favorite attitude when he converses is a strong folding of the arms and a downward pondering look. His hair is now snow-white; his skin is fresh, and about him there is a pleasant vigor that is wonderful for his eighty years. The general impression his personality leaves is well expressed by the old-fashioned word, *wholth*. His talk is bright, and he is equally at home in American, Canadian or English politics. There is not a financial movement of importance anywhere in the world that he is uninformed upon, and his gallery of acquaintances and friends is of amazing extent and variety, from the clerk at some outlandish post of the Hudson Bay Company to the King of England.

THE MAKIN'S OF ABEL HORN

BY EUGENE WOOD

I.

"DIDN'T I tell you!" said Brother Otho Littell to his clerk, Clarence Bowersox. "I jox, if he don't beat the Dutch, that feller."

Clarence had removed his apron and was getting into his overcoat. It was cold out, remarkably cold for the middle of December, and he was hungry for his breakfast after opening up and getting the grocery ready against Mr. Littell came down. He paused to get a good grip on his coat sleeve and to prepare the torn lining of his overcoat sleeve before he inquired: "What feller?"

"W'y, Abel Horn."

"What's he—— Well, dod blast the dag-gone thing, anyhow! I got to get married or git a new overcoat, I do' know which. What's he up to now?"

"W'y, you know that there Christmas tree celebration we're goin' to have to our church——"

"Is he goin' to be Santy Claus?"

"Um," assented Brother Littell, taking a chew of fine-cut and masticating it mournfully. Brother Littell had had hopes of being struck by lightning himself. He had not more than hinted his ambition to his wife and to Clarence, but he was a prominent member of Center Street M. E.; he had taught in the Sunday-school for years; he had given twenty pounds of candy and a box of oranges to be divided up among the children, and he was, as he said, "about the right build and heft for old Santy," so he had thought that perhaps he might be recognized. He felt it something of a slight that though he was a member of the committee nobody had even so much as mentioned his name, but the prize had been given to Abel Horn as a matter of course.

"W'y, that little sawed-off, dried-up, peaked end o' nothun'!" snorted Clarence, this time succeeding with his sleeve and donning the overcoat by a series of humps and jumps. "What call has he to be Santy Claus? How'd they ever come to pick on him?"

"I jox, I d' know," said Brother Littell.

"They did, though. Told me once, he did: 'I never growed a inch tell I was sixteen, and then I shot up luck a weed.' Huh!" Mr. Littell could not talk two minutes about Abel Horn without repeating this joke, for Abel's shortness was proverbial.

"Well, Judas priest! don't you folks to Center Street git about enough o' him every Sunday, leadun' the singun', startun' in before everybody and hangun' on after everybody gits through?"

"I d' know's we're any worse'n some others. Comp'ny K don't appear to be any ways capable of throwun' off the yoke," retorted Brother Littell. Clarence was a corporal in Company K, and when they got up "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" he had entertained hopes of being chosen to play the hero. He also had his little ambitions. He had studied elocution and was a subscriber to *The Dramatic Mirror*, but when that thrilling drama of the Civil War was presented at Melodeon Hall the best part he could get was *Orderly to General Grant*, while Abel Horn was cast for the hero. When Company K had the walking-match and Private Lafe Henderson, amateur, walked against Miss Elsa von Baum, professional pedestrian, Clarence was to have been the announcer, but Abel Horn got in ahead of him there, too.

Remembering these things, Clarence took his thumb off the latch and returned to Mr. Littell.

"How does he do it? That's what I want to know," he demanded, fiercely. "He don't ever think o' things first. He don't hustle 'round and git up su'scriptions or advertisements for the programmes. He don't see to the printun' or do one formed haet, as fur as I can see, to make the entertainment a sucksess, and yit his name is always first on the list and he crowds in to be head man in everything. You tell me how he does it."

Apparently Brother Littell refused to divulge the secret. He pursed up his lips, opened the stove door and spat genteelly on the coals.

"Tain't as if he was a big, fine-lookun' feller, like Mose Tuttle," persisted Clarence, "or spoke his words nice like— Well, like Henry Miller, though *he* ain't never studied elocution; or was a comical actor like Mr. BoZenta, or could play the piano like Charley Pope, or sing like Doc Avery. He ain't got any accomplishment, only jist gall. Folks laugh at him, but they let him ride over 'em, jist the same. Now, why is it?"

"I jox, I d' know," said Mr. Littell, thoughtfully. He was remembering what his wife had said to him the night before when he came home and told her what the committee had decided upon. "Huh!" she said. "Huh! And you set there and— Well, if I was a man I'd *be* a man and not let myself be led around by any such Johnny-fly-up-the-creek as Abel Horn. I'd 'a' told him. No, sir, he couldn't run the whole shebang *all* the time, and from everlastun' to everlastun'. Why, pa, whatever possessed you?" Mr. Littell said then as he said now: "I jox, I d' know."

"Pity he couldn't do somepin with all that natcherl ability o' his'n for blanneyun' folks into doin' what he wants 'em to," sneered Clarence, forgetting how his breakfast was cooling at the Widow Parker's, where he boarded. "Pity he couldn't go into business and make his everlastun' fortune."

"I jox! I bet you he could if he was to try once," said Brother Littell. "He ain't never got around to it, though. Two or three times when he was a boy he wanted to quit school and go to work, but, no, sir! she wouldn't have it. She wasn't goin' to have her Abel ordered around by common folks. She was goin' to bring him up a gentleman. He wanted to go into business, but they was so much hemmin' and hawin' about her lettun' him have the capital that it all fell through."

"Cuts everybody out o' everything," Clarence jawed on, "but I take notice he can't git married. The girls don't want to take up with no sech little, insignificant-lookun' thing."

"Aw, now, don't you fool yourself, Clarence," corrected Mr. Littell, taking his foot down from the fender. "They ain't no man, Clarence, I don't keer how insignificant-lookun' he is or how onry he is, that can't git married to a good woman if he wants to."

"Then how come Abel don't? He flies around amongs' 'em enough to be a marryun' man."

"On account of his ma, I tell you. She made him promise her he wouldn't git married whilst she was alive. Oh, don't you tell me what you'd do and what you wouldn't do. You don't know that woman. For all she's so giggly and gushy she makes him walk a chalk when he's with her. He can ride over other folks, but he don't dass to say his soul's his own around home, ner his pa, either, when he was alive. Abel flies around amongs' 'em, yes, but not stiddy with any one girl, if you take notice."

"Lide Burkhart."

"Oh, well, Lide, he's ben goin' with Lide now sence she put on long dresses. Went with all her sisters, too. Looks like Lide's elected to stay at home. Darn shame, too. Pick o' the whole tribe, I say. Pretty girl and a good girl."

"Right old for a girl," commented Clarence, dryly.

"Oh, pshaw! oh, pshaw! She don't look a day over twenty-nine. I d' know's she is much either. She took off that part in 'The Drummer Boy' reel nice, didn't she?"

"Aw, say! She was all right, now, I tell you!" declared the enthusiastic Clarence. "No discountun' her. She's got reel ability. You know that place where she comes in an' says—"

"Folks talked it around that that was about the first time her and Abel ever got a right good chance to make love like they wanted to," interrupted Brother Littell, with more meaning in his words than Clarence appreciated.

"Her actun' in the love scenes was all right. But he was rotten. W'y, when he come back from the war, you know, and everybody thought he was dead, and he throwed his arms around her—fine situation. I wisht I'd 'a' had that part—w'y, the top o' his head didn't more'n come up to her chin. Jist killed the scene. No heart interest. It was jist funny."

"You run along now and git breakfast. Sist' Parker'll be in my wool lettun' you keep the breakfast dishes standun' so long."

"Better order in some more sugar. We're about out, and they'll be a big call for it for their pies and puddens and things."

"I jox! I meant to do that yesterday. Them's nice cranberries, ain't they? I d' know's I ever seen any nicer. You run along now and git breakfast and hurry right back."

In one way it would have made Abel Horn feel bad to know what people said about him. Nobody likes to be laughed at. In

another way, it would have pleased him. Everybody likes to be envied. He had good enough opinion of himself to be able to treat the talk of some "with silent contempt," as the phrase goes, or to "take it from whence it came," as another phrase goes. As for the other people, he knew that they liked him. Nobody could help doing that, for Abel was as good as wheat. He would have known that if they resented his officiousness it was just as we resent the officiousness of a police officer and yet we would not be without the policeman.

Abel was popular with the "younger crowd," and, even if old Marinus Moran declared that he had forgot more religion than Abel Horn ever knew, and Uncle Billy Nicholson and a few more of them up in the Amen corner were opposed to him for having the choir sing voluntaries before meeting took up, the "older crowd" recognized the fact that Abel's membership in Center Street M. E. was no occasion for stumbling, and his loud and tireless leading of the singing at protracted meeting time was a great help. Brother Nicholson was a little behind the times, anyhow. He was opposed to oyster suppers in the church parlors, and just now was going about like a roaring lion raging against having a Christmas tree and Santa Claus.

On the other hand, Abel was thought to have behaved badly in regard to Lide Burkhardt. At one time everybody was sure he was going to marry Lide whether or no, but as time went on the town settled down to the belief that Abel had let his mother bluff him out of it. He still went with Lide, and always saw her home from choir meeting, but he went with other girls, too, so it was concluded that he was not even engaged to her.

Everybody said: "Look at it in a business way, of course Abel'd be foolish to take a wife to support when he didn't have no way of purvidin' for her. He never learnt a trade and never had no business experience. And it 'u'd be Jerush' Horn all over to turn him out with jist the clothes to his back. She'll have her own way if she busts a hame-string."

Nevertheless, lovers are expected to do rash things, and if Abel Horn had defied his mother all the town would have "gloried in his spunk," even if they had not found employment for him. Jobs are scarce in Minuca Center.

But what about Lide Burkhardt? The

women folks said that if she was left an old maid it was her own fault, and they didn't pity her one bit. She always did think herself a little above anybody else. If she didn't have any more pluck than to— Well, what was the use? It was her own affair, and if she didn't care any more than she let on to, why, it wasn't any hide off their backs as far as they could see. But still—

And that "but still" meant a great deal, please remember. As Minnie De Wees said: "These here long engagements, you needn't tell me. There's a nigger in the woodpile, somewhere or somewheres else. Now you mark."

II.

It was a curious fact that Abel should take so much less interest in being Santa Claus than his mother. Wouldn't you think, now, that a spare, wiry, little man would regard his selection for such a part as the highest possible tribute to his powers of persuasion? His mother did and chuckled over it no little, but Abel did not seem to care much. She dragged it out of him bit by bit, what he said to them and what they said to him, how Brother Littell had asked if it oughtn't to be a kind of "pussy," heavy-set man, because Santa Claus was kind of "pussy" and heavy-set in the pictures, and how Abel had said, no, it would be better to have an active, light man to climb down on the scantlings of which the scenic chimney was to be built at the back of the pulpit platform.

"He was hintun'," said Mrs. Horn, winking as she bit off her thread. "He was puttin' in a good word for himself there. What they goin' to do with the sofy?"

Abel said nothing, but stared at the stove. "What they goin' to do with the sofy, I ast you?"

"What sofy?"

"What sofy? W'y, the sofy Brother Longenecker sets on, o' course. What they goin' to do with it? Take it into the study?"

"Oh, the sofy. W'y—ah—"

"W'y what?" snapped his mother after waiting long enough for Abel to come out of his trance.

"W'y, they're goin' to leave it there and build the chimney around it. They're goin' to cover it up with red tinsel and stuff so's to look like a bed o' coals. Be easy to light on, too."

"Laws! I don't believe any o' them young ones ever seen a old-fashioned fire-

place. I s'pose they won't have no crane nor nothin' to hang a kittle on."

Abel was silent.

"What's got into you here lately?" she demanded. "I don't know what ails you. Set there and set there and never open your head. Ain't you well?"

"W'y, yes, I'm all right."

"Well, you don't act all right. Don't you go to gittin' sick now, not till after Christmas, anyways. I wouldn't miss that for a pretty. Stand up. I want to try this here Santy Claus suit on you. It's goin' to look awful 'cute. Go easy, now, it's only basted. Now, if it binds you in under the armholes you must tell me," she said, with her mouth full of pins, turning him around and pulling him this way and that as if he were a dummy. "You needn't to mind if it's too full in front. I got to 'low for the stuffin'."

"Put a pillow in?"

"W'y, no, child, I thought some o' usin' excelsior. Don't forget to remind me to get some to-morrow. Hold still. I ain't done markun' yet. I'm goin' to trim it all up with cotton battun' to look like white fur. I was thinkun' o' swan's down, but they's no use goin' to that expense. I'll make you a pointed cap and sew in some wickun for hair, and I got a false-face nose with whiskers to it that you can tie over your ears. I picked it out down to Cox's to-day."

Abel put it on to please her and cut up a few monkey shines, but his heart was not in it. He sat around a while, and at last he said he believed he'd go out for a walk. His mother said she'd sit up for him, but he told her not to.

As she sewed she smiled. She was as pleased to dress him up as if he were a doll, and she a girl again. In none of his other public performances had she had the making of his costume. Though he was getting bald in front, he was her "baby" yet, a kind of plaything, not to be seriously regarded. She had done her duty by the four girls by Mr. Horn's first wife, but Abel had been her pet. She could hardly wait till they got married and moved away to enjoy life with her own son. She was rather glad he had not grown up to be a tall man. Little men were cuter. Abel was always so cute.

Other people besides her were noticing that Abel was very quiet here lately. Sometimes he would laugh and cut up as usual, and then again they said that he "acted as if somepin was kind of on his mind." They wondered what.

Clarence Bowersox told Brother Littell the Saturday morning before Christmas (it came on Wednesday that year): "Say, whadda you s'pose?"

Mr. Littell was feeling frisky that morning so he made answer: "I can s'pose 'most anything you like, Clarence."

"Aw, now, I ain't foolun'. I'm in earnest. I was comun' along in front o' Burkhardt's last night and lo and behold you there was Abel and Lide a-holdun' a close confab over the gate——"

"He always takes her home from choir meetun's. That don't signify nothin'."

"Wait till I tell you. We was walkun' along slow——"

"Who's we?"

"W'y, me and this party I was escortun' home. And jist as we——"

"I thought you and Gertie had broke it off?"

"Well, so we did, but we made it up agin. I jist ignored her, let on I didn't know she was alive, but when I went there yisterday morning for the order she come out, and first thing you know we was good friends agin, same as ever, and I ast her if I could call for her in the evenin'—you know they're trimmun' up the Prispaterian church, her an' a lot more an'——"

"What's that got to do with Lide and Abel?"

"Well, I'd tell you if you'd only keep still long enough to let me. We was standun' still, kind o', and all of a sudden I heard Lide speak up: 'I jist can't stand it this way no longer!' she says, her voice all trimbly and excited, like she was a-cryun'. Or, 'It jist can't go on this way no longer.' I won't be sure which. And Abel ketched sight of us and says: 'Ssh! Here comes somebody,' and we come on past and didn't hear no more. But I seen her wipe her eyes or leastways she put her handkerchief up. Now what about that?"

"I jox! I wonder!" said Mr. Littell, half whispering.

"Well," said Clarence, grimly, looking to one side. "There you are. There's somepin' up now, sure as you're a foot high."

Mr. Littell meant as much as anything to tell this to his wife when he went home to dinner that noon, and to ask her what she thought about it. But it was a very busy morning and he forgot. That night at supper he knew there was something he wanted to say, but he had to hurry back to the store and he never did think of it until the cat was out of the bag entirely. Mrs. Littell

told him then she was just provoked at him, so she was. She never saw such a man.

III.

I don't know what gets into the days before Christmas to make them drag along so, but even the longest days will pass, so that finally seven-thirty Christmas eve did come around and the Center Street M. E. children and a lot more that began to go to Sunday-school about that time found themselves packed in the pews, not in the regular places for their classes, but the infant class in the front seats, and so on back to the older members of the congregation. In the right hand Amen corner were the children from the "Barefoot" church up in Stringtown (Faith Mission was the right name for it). The shabby little young ones in quaint, bunchy, made-over clothes were the guests of Center Street for this occasion. Lide Burkhart had them in charge, because Clara JoHantgen, who had drilled them, had suddenly taken a bad sore throat. Little Rosetta Smith, one of old Very Dirty Smith's thirteen or fourteen, sat next to Lide, and kept looking up into her face. Lide smiled down at her. She was a pretty little thing. She made signs she wanted to whisper to her. Lide bent down. She put her arms around Lide's neck.

"Teacher," she whispered. "Are they any Santa Claus?"

"Why, yes," answered Lide. "You just wait and you'll see him."

"Aw, now, you're kiddin'."

"Honest," said Lide. "Cross my heart." And she did.

The child gave a happy sigh. It was all right if teacher crossed her heart.

The left-hand Amen corner was where the choir sat. Right by them was the door that led downstairs to the pastor's study. A row of screens masked the approach from the study to the back of the scenic chimney down which Santa Claus was to climb. Arching above it on the wall, tacked on the mackerel sky that showed between the pillars of the marble temple painted on the plaster, was the motto: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST," made of cedar. I need not tell you that the N and the S were 'hind side before. They always are.

But the main thing was the Christmas tree, twinkling and glittering with its candles and fruitage of gilded glass. Yards and yards of strung popcorn looped from branch to branch whereon hung hundreds of red mosquito netting, bags of candy. The air

was spicy with oranges, and though the children from the Barefoot church swallowed and swallowed, their chins were wet most of the time, the smell of candy and oranges was so strong.

Everybody was on the broad grin and the children jumped and fidgeted and whispered, and little Selma Morgenroth, who had never been to Sunday-school in her life until the week before, got so excited when she saw another little girl she knew that she cried: "Oh, Maggie! Oo-hoo!" and fluttered her hand at her.

The nervous tension was very near the breaking point when Mr. Perkypile, the superintendent, came forward and stood by the Christmas tree to say: "The school will now come to order. We will open the exercises by singing number thirty-seven. Number thirty-seven. Now, children, you all know this, and I want you to sing out now. Don't be afraid to let the people hear how nice you can sing." Number thirty-seven was "Merry, Merry Christmas Bells," and in their efforts to sing out the children scowled and twisted their jaws, and almost tore the lining out of their throats. If you had not known they were singing you would have thought they were being skinned alive, by the sound of it.

Brother Longenecker offered prayer, which he had the grace to make a short one, and then he talked about the first Christmas that ever was.

How beautiful that story is! When our first parents peered through the guarded gateway of the Eden they had lost forever, how sadly lovely must have seemed that glowing sward, those waving branches in whose pleasant shade they nevermore might walk again. Something of their longing makes our hearts ache as we turn backward for a moment to the shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night. The soft Judean heaven bends above them, vast, silent, patterned with far-off shining stars. On the dim sky-line rise formless blots of shadow, hills and clumps of trees by day. The dried grass whispers in the gentle wind. A sheep-bell tinkles softly. A lambkin's fluttering cry arises and is hushed. A twig snaps loudly in the stillness.

O shepherds, drowse not! This is the Holy Night of all that were and shall be. This is the solemn moment round which as round the pole-star circles the vast perimeter of all time. The world awaits it, breathless, hushed.

On the instant the dark shadows on the horizon's rim leap into their day's likeness in a flood of light. The dazzled shepherds shade their eyes. A radiant stranger stands before them, his wings a-quiver with arrested flight. "Fear not," he says, "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

There is a moment of silence. The shepherds hear the blood thudding in their ears, and then the heavens flash with rosy light. The sky is thronged with rank on rank of quiring angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." Rank on rank they swim in the still air, each glistening chanter bearing his part, treble and counter, tenor and bass, sweeter their voices, ah, sweeter far than any cathedral choir! The floating skeins of melody weave in and out in heavenly polyphony, twining and intertwining till they knot at last in seven-fold amen. The light fades slowly as the music dies. The shadows on the sky-line creep nearer and nearer till once more only the pale stars twinkle overhead. The shepherds hearken, but they hear only the tall grasses whispering in the night wind, only the tinkling of the sheep's bell, only the lambkin's fluttering cry that rises and is hushed again. The shepherds sigh and we sigh with them. So soon those angel visitors are gone and gone from earth forever! It is in vain we stretch our hands beseeching:

Angels sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above.

Ah, happy shepherds! Would that we, too, might now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass! But our Eden is closed to us. From among the thorns and thistles we peer through the guarded gateway of our childhood's faith and mark how lovely are the waving branches in whose pleasant shade we nevermore may walk again.

Well, that wasn't the way Brother Longenecker told it. He rocked back and forth on heels and toes, his finger tips joined together and a smile's corpse coming and going on his mouth. "Dear children," said he, "who can tell me what is this day we celebrate?"

"Christmas!" They all knew that.

"Christmas. Yes, it is Christmas. And

why is it the gladdest and happiest day of all the year?"

A confused babble out of which one might pick the shriek of, "'Cause we get Christmas gif's."

"Yes. We get Christmas gifts and we give Christmas gifts. And why do we give Christmas gifts? In memory of the greatest Christmas gift the world has ever had. Now what is the greatest Christmas gift in all the world?"

Silence at first and then one little boy pipes up: "A pair o' skates!"

In the laughter that followed Brother Longenecker could be seen rather than heard to say: "No, no." One little girl stuck up her hand and snapped her fingers till she got the floor, primly squalling: "Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day," switching the tail of her dress to one side as she bounced down again.

That was the way that Brother Longenecker told the Bethlehem story.

After he got through, Miss McGoldrick read off a whole lot of poetry that she made up herself and little Curg Emerson spoke a piece about:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse."

Maybe you have heard it. It is a nice piece, but poor little Lycurgus was so scared he didn't know what to do with himself and he completely forgot all the gestures his ma had taken such pains to teach him. He kept opening and shutting his hands and trying to swallow a terrible lump in his throat.

I can't begin to tell you all the things that they put in to prolong the agony and keep the children waiting. But finally the screens that masked the way from the study began to wobble and then the chimney shook and there! down bounced Santa Claus on the fiery sofa and out on the floor, the funniest little, fat, red-nosed man that ever was, with white whiskers and a red suit all trimmed with white fur.

A shrill scream of joyous welcome greeted him, and even the solemn-faced bunched little "Barefeet" with the knit hoods clapped their skinny hands. It made Lide catch her breath to see them. In an access of motherly feeling she hugged little Rosetta to her. The child looked up smiling. It was all true about old Santy, "no kiddin'." But when he came over to where they were, to hand them each the little bag of candy and the

orange they shrank from him. It is not good to come too close to supernatural beings. They feared the Greeks even bearing gifts. But only for a moment. And then what a crunching of candies and ripping open of oranges! For that matter, the whole church was soon a shambles of sweets, and when the sexton came to clean up he had no words to express his detestation and horror of the whole wretched business.

"Jist look at that there carpet!" he quivered. "Look at it! Now, ain't that——" But he could say no more.

Little Rosetta sucked her candy stingily, but saved her orange, she told Lide, for her sick ma. She watched Santa hopping around in comic haste, her eyes round with wonder. Suddenly she dropped her orange and clutched the top of the partition that masked the front pew in which she sat. She stood up and screamed. But the hubbub was so loud that her shrill voice was unheard.

"Oh, look at Santy!" she cried. "Oh, look at him! Looky! looky!"

Everybody else had said that hours before. In a transport of rage at being ignored the child began slapping her neighbors and jumping up and down.

"Here, here!" corrected Lide. "Behave yourself, little girl."

"Look at Santy! look at Santy!" she sobbed, and flung herself into Lide's arms frantically. "Teacher, teacher, look at Santy!"

Lide gave a look and then, placing her hands on the partition, vaulted over it as she had not done since she was a girl. She rushed into the altar tearing off her coat as she ran. A pale blaze flickered on the cotton trimming of Abel's suit.

It spread like fire in powder. He was all aflame in an instant. He tore wildly at his garments. The children laughed to see his antics, and then their laugh died in horror in their throats, and they rose to their feet gasping.

Lide was fighting with the wild creature trying to muffle him in her coat, while he threw her away from him writhing in agony.

A big hobbledoh sitting next to Clarence started up bawling, "Fi——!" But Clarence clapped his hand over his mouth, snarling, "Shut up, you dam fool! Do you want everybody tromped to death? Set down and keep quiet, or I'll knock your head off."

"Keep your seats, everybody!" cried Mr. Longenecker. "There is no danger!"

But the word "danger" frightened them and with one impulse the packed pews strove to empty themselves at once. The men clambered over the seats and trod on shrieking women and children. Clarence leaped into the aisle and bellowed, "Ladies first! Git back there, you! Easy, now. No crowdun"! Ladies first!"

Henry Myrice came bursting down the aisle yelling: "Lemme out! lemme out!" Bang! went Clarence's fist on Henry's jaw. The man toppled over against a pew.

"What's the matter with you?" he whimpered.

"Ladies first!" shouted Clarence. "Next man gits it jist the same. Ladies first!"

Over in the other aisle Lester Pettitt caught up the word. "Ladies first!" he kept crying, and presently the men and boys recovered their senses and waited their turn to get out.

Dr. Avery, who had sung a solo that night and was near the altar, ran to Lide's assistance.

"Don't try to take his things off here," he said to her. "Let's get him out. Here, somebody take a hold." But nobody heeded. The librarian of the Sunday-school could think of nothing more instant than blowing out the candles on the Christmas tree and went hopping around puffing at them. Mr. Perkypile stood perfectly still, fear-mazed. Lide gave one look around, then stooping she lifted the shoulders of the groaning man and kissed him on the mouth.

"Come on, doctor," she said, as she rose staggering with her burden. "You take his feet. I can manage. Over to my house. We live across the street."

When Mrs. Horn came out of her faint they led her down into the study. She stopped her little cries of, "Oh, oh, oh!" to look through the open door at the crowd on Burkhart's veranda. With swift accession of strength she ran thither.

When she entered the room, Dr. Avery looked up from the work of stripping the charred costume from the sufferer. "Don't let anybody in," he said, imperiously.

"I'm his mother," cried Mrs. Horn. "I guess I'll come in if I want to. Oh, my boy! Oh, Abel, Abel, you'll be all scarred up if you ever do get well! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why didn't you take him home? Home's the best place. Yes, home's the best place for my poor, poor boy!"

"Madam, you'll have to keep quiet or I can't have you in here," said Dr. Avery.

"She's in here!" screamed Mrs. Horn.

"Pretty thing if I can't be with my own boy. What right has *she* got here? I should think if she had any decency about her——"

"I have every right in the world here," said Lide, quietly, "I am his wife. Just a second, doctor," and she went on deftly scissoring away the smoldering fabric.

His wife! Abel looked at his mother and nodded painfully. She gave a low cry and tottered out of the room.

It never rains but it pours in Minuca Center, and the excitement over the panic in the church was hardly greater than the discovery that Abel Horn and Lide Burkhart had been married for more than two years, and had kept it a secret.

"I wouldn't 'a' put it apast Abel Horn to do sech a fool trick," said Sarepta Downey, talking it over with Lester Pettitt and his wife, "but la me! I did think Lide had more sense. Now if it was me gittun' married I'd want everybody to know it."

Mr. Pettitt kept a straight face.

"A man's natcherly romantic, anyhow," continued the little old maid, "and then his ma bein' so set on him stayin' single while she lived. But mercy! It's different with a woman. She's got to——"

Mrs. Pettitt frowned and shook her head, giving it a little jerk toward Janey, who was listening eagerly. "What's Miss' Horn

goin' to do about it?" she asked by way of diversion. "I mean old Miss' Horn. Sounds funny to call her 'old Miss' Horn,' don't it?"

"Oh, she says he's made his bed and he's got to lay in it. She found out he was goin' to git well, though, before she said it. Say. Do you know, they say he won't be marked up hardly a bit when his hair and eyebrows grows out? Yes, sir, she's done with him, his ma is. So she says. Not a cent will she give him. Ain't that green, though?"

"Abel'll come out top o' the heap," said Lester. "I'll bet on Abel."

So he did. The event was, as everybody said, "the makin's" of him. About then folks began to talk of a trolley road. Abel undertook to secure the property-owners' consents and engineer the franchise. If he never again appeared in any entertainment it was because he was too busy bullyragging and "blanneying" people into giving him rights of way for nothing or the next thing to it. He is something of a magnate in that line of business and making money hand over fist.

His mother? Oh, she's quarreled with Abel and Lide a dozen times since then. There was a grand flare-up when they wouldn't name the baby Abelina Jerusha. Yes, it's a girl; born the latter part of the next April after. Sweet little thing, too.

RESIDUUM

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

I have no memory of what you said,
The hour you came and told me of my doom—
But this I know, that in the quiet room
The buzzing of a bee poised on the red
Rose vine outside seemed louder than the tread
Of multitudes; within the twilight's gloom
I saw strange traceries of leaf and bloom
Against the window, and a silken thread
Clung moist about my hand and minded me
To gather up the skeins and put away
My broiery, until another day
Should dawn—as different as worlds must be!
Ah, why should I these trifling things recall
Yet not one slightest word your lips let fall!



TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

A COMPETENT authority might compile a very useful little volume, to be called, "A Manual of Etiquette for Theatregoers." There is no prospect that it would be found in the lists of "best selling books," but it would enjoy a certain appreciation and could be made much more specific than a manual on "How to Make Love." It might awaken in some people a half sense of consideration for others. It should be presented with the compiler's compliments to the young lady who invariably eats candy during a performance. She has a habit of rummaging for a choice morsel at the most

tense moments of a play, setting on edge the nerves of a rapt auditor by the crackling of the paper that lines the bon-bon box. A copy should be given to the foreigner who insists on translating into his native tongue the lines of the piece as they are delivered by the actors. Another nuisance is the man who has had just enough with his dinner to inspire him with the hospitable aim of taking his share in the dialogue on the stage. The young lady who has already seen the play, and who delights in anticipating every situation by announcing it to her escort and the immediate neighbors should also be

avored with a copy. The man who has been going to the theatre since his nursing days, and who knows all about actors and acting, frequently makes himself obnoxious by a flow of audible comment. The men and women that come in late, walk on your toes and block your view of the stage at a vital juncture, should receive copies of the "Manual of Etiquette for Theatre-goers" in morocco.

Upon reflection, it appears that, as most of the copies of this valuable book would be worthily given away, perhaps it were more prudent to print the most needful instructions in programs.

The first night of Maude Adams in a new play is the most distinctively American event of the season. And this holds true, although she appears in an English play, by a Scottish author, with a London actor as her leading man. Maude Adams as *Phæbe Throssell* in "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, has achieved a positive success. Undoubtedly the success is due in the main to the immense personal popularity of the actress. No other of our actresses has won the same renown, although the reputation of Annie Russell is of similar character. Mrs. Leslie Carter is applauded frantically by audiences in transport over the intensity of her emotional powers. Julia Marlowe is admired warmly for the classic beauty of her face and figure; her audiences are captivated by her humor, her imagination, her feeling. Maude Adams, however, is simply adored. The American public loves her



Charles Hawtrey.

On his first American tour, in "A Message from Mars," which had a run of five hundred nights in London.

devotion to the aims of one's life, a stern, uncompromising sense of all that is involved in the word duty. . . . Charles Frohman, who has shaped the career of Maude Adams

with the mind of a genius in theatre management, has selected in J. M. Barrie the man best adapted to write a play adjusted to the requirements of his star. Mr. Barrie's dominant characteristic is sympathy; out of sympathy his mind produces pathos and humor, laughter and tears. Mr. Barrie is fecund in both, as his books reveal, and the world reveals in either. Some men drink just to indulge their appetite for humor and pathos. In "The Little Minister" Mr. Frohman discovered a play for Maude Adams that is said to have earned a fortune for Mr. Barrie. It was only natural then that Mr. Barrie should furnish another character for the woman that impersonated so profitably *Lady Babbie*. Yet it is generally agreed that "Quality Street" is far from being so good a comedy as "The Little Minister," or Mr. Barrie's earlier work, "The Professor's Love Story." But it ac-



Fraulein Hedwig Lange.

The talented leading lady of Comedie's Irving Place Theatre.

completes the purpose of evoking all the charm of the temperament and the art of Maude Adams, and the public asks no more.

A most welcome announcement is that Mrs. Patrick Campbell will make an American tour. She is known among Americans principally because she was the original actress in two famous Pinero plays, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Mrs. Campbell will have as leading man during her American tour Mr. Herbert Waring, a London actor of the first rank. Besides playing the two plays just mentioned, Mrs. Campbell will be seen



Anna Held.
Starring in "The Little Duchess."

in Louis N. Parker's adaptation of Sudermann's "Magda," Echegaray's "Mariana" and Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande."

Another artist who will visit us for the first time this season is Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, about whom London has been raving during the past year. Kubelik springs from the lowliest parentage, yet society women worship him, and the King has been induced to intercede with the fiddler's home government in order that he might be absolved from any liability to military conscription. The young man is said to be standing the torrent of gush that is flinging itself at him with great modesty and poise. It may be it is all so new to him and so incomprehensible that he has his doubts, and the attitude of cautious acceptance becomes instinctive. Kubelik's father was a market gardener of Michle, near Prague. Like most



Mrs. Patrick Campbell.
The famous London actress who is about to make her first American tour.



Pach photo.

Jan Kubelik.
The young Bohemian violinist.



Sarony photo.

E. M. Holland.

As EBEN HOLDEN, Starring in the play from that novel.

Bohemians, the father was an amateur violinist, and a violin was his son's first big toy. Under his father's instruction, the boy learned rapidly and soon gave evidence of a talent that seemed worthy of cultivation. At twelve years of age Kubelik's skill on the violin won him entrance to the Prague Conservatory of Music. For three years he studied faithfully. His teachers and fellow pupils watched his progress with increasing interest. Even at this early date he showed signs of unusual gifts. At fifteen he made his first appearance as a concert violinist, and his success was a local astonishment. But this guaranty of his ability to do something only inspired Kubelik with a firmer devotion to his studies. He continued his concert work, but did not play outside of Austria-Hungary until June, 1900, when he was first heard in London. He was practically unknown in England, but his first appearance made him famous. His peculiar personality, his marvelous playing and his engaging modesty combined to win for him the attentive favor of London society. It is to be doubted whether society people in America will make a like fuss over him; but if Kubelik's genius for the violin is as great as all testimony declares, the rank and file of our music-loving people will reveal to him an attention that must be pleasing to his artistic feeling, and that will undoubtedly make sure for him the one hundred thousand dollars his American managers have guaranteed.

A most encouraging sign on the dramatic



Marceau photo.

Kathryn Kidder.
Sarring in "Molly Pitcher."

Fowler photo.

Valerie Bergere.
Leading lady of the stock company at the
Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn.

Bradley photo.

Grayce Scott.
FAITH, in "New England Folks."

horizon is the great welcome that has been accorded to "Madame Butterfly" in the vaudeville houses. The greater part of the credit for this success is due to David Belasco, who has evolved a one-act masterpiece out of John Luther Long's tragic novelette. Mr. Belasco has constructed many more ambitious plays, but he has accomplished nothing so completely fine as "Madame Butterfly." And in Mme. Pilar-Morin he has selected an actress exquisitely

various vaudeville houses of the East, and there is no indication of a decline in the attraction it holds for the public. Sandwiched between a trick bicycle rider and a "song artiste," or between any two of the

widely variant specialties of a variety bill, the solemn tableau opening of "Madame Butterfly" translates theatre and audience into a new realm. The people that have laughed themselves sore over the antics of the clown comedian are soon shuddering in tears at the simple ancient drama of the breaking of a woman's heart.



Marceau photo.

Mme. Pilar-Morin.

As CHO CHO SAN in "Madame Butterfly."



Sarony photo.

Louis Manin.

As PIET PRINSLÖÖ, in "The Red Kloof."

adapted to the rôle of *Cho Cho San*. The rare art of pantomime so delightfully revealed by Mme. Pilar-Morin in "L'Enfant Prodigue," is drawn on to the full in the present play. Not only by her tragic force in the strong situations of the piece, but by the infinite suggestions of the true artistic conscience does her embodiment become at once inspiring and memorable. "Madame Butterfly" has been running for nearly a year in the



Otto Otibert.

One of the most popular members of Conried's Irving Place Theatre.



Sarony photo.

Clara Lipman.

In "The Red Kloof."

The most ingenious play that has been presented in New York this season is "A Message from Mars," by Richard Ganthony. Mr. Charles Hawtrey was very fortunate to have so successful a medium for his first American tour. Of course, there could be little fear of disaster after the comedy's run of 500 nights in London. But the notion of Mr. Hawtrey's good fortune remains firm when we recall that both Mr. John Hare



Alexander Rottman.
Leading man of Heinrich Conried's Irving Place Theatre.



Hermina Warna.
Of Heinrich Conried's Irving Place Theatre.



Photo copyright, 1901, by Alice Dupont.

Frank Keenan.
Starring in "Hon. John Grigsby."



Schloss photo.

Eleanor Kent.
The new prima donna in the "Foxy Quiller" Opera Company.



Glass type photo.

Karlene Carman.
As MEENIE in George Ober's vaudeville version of "Rip van Winkle."



Augusta Glose.

In "The Liberty Bells."

and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree appeared at great disadvantage in America because they lacked strikingly popular plays. Mr. Hare, to be sure, made us forget the past by his last year's sensational success in "The Gay Lord Quex." Mr. Tree has not since revisited us; and yet to-day, next to Sir Henry Irving, he is London's most important actor. Mr. Charles Hawtrey does not seem to be endowed with so much versatility as Mr. Tree, or to possess the intellectual force of Mr. Hare. . . . Naturally, all judgment on Mr. Hawtrey must be purely speculative



Marie Toohey.

In "The Liberty Bells."



Harry Davenport.

In "The Liberty Bells."

since we have seen the man only in one character—that of a wholly selfish, prosperous and wealthy *bourgeois*. *Bourgeois*, again. It is the shade in

which the entire comedy is steeped, although the women characters wear costly gowns from Louise & Co. On our stage there are but two classes: The millionaires and the very poor. The



Lotta Faust.

In "The Liberty Bells."

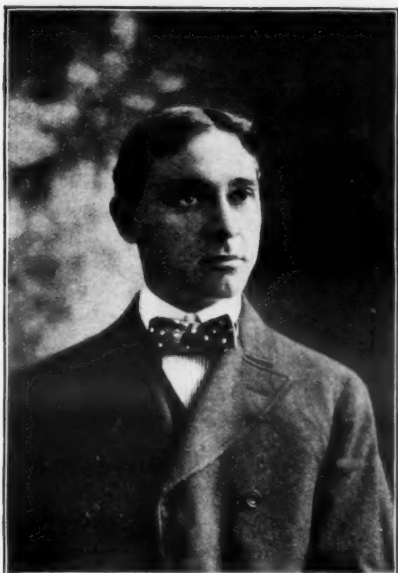


Pauline Chase.

In "The Liberty Bells."

rich girl that is driven away from her castle home on the banks of the Hudson, when she falls, falls to the depths; and the only roof in all New York that she can find to shelter her—as we learn in the next act

—is over a hovel on Cherry Hill. The poor boy who becomes rich, becomes a millionaire. In society plays the people seem all to have so much money that we never see them do anything but fall in love with another's wife or fall out of love with their own. Apparently they have no office hours, although the bad man usually steals all the bonds and stocks of the good lady. But you never see him at the office. Well, how could you expect to see an office on the stage? You couldn't have a woman come in on an office scene in an evening gown, could you? Think how dull an office scene would be, anyway. Think how dull all prosy, middle-class fact is. Now, in "A Message from Mars," whether it was intended or not, the atmosphere of the *bourgeois* is faithfully presented. Mr. Hawtrey's performance is really delightful because it is so photographically true. As to the play itself, it is another proof that the world loves what theatre bills call a "new and novel" thing. Mr. Hawtrey as *Horace Parker*, refuses to take his fiancée



De Young photo.

Emmett Corrigan.

Leading man Dearborn Theatre Stock Company, Chicago.

to a dance because the night is so inclement, because he is supremely selfish, and also because he is very interested in reading an article about the inhabitants of Mars. He falls asleep over the magazine. A dark change of scene is made, and when the lights are turned on again, the audience sees the *Messenger* from Mars commanding *Parker* to go out into the snowy night to taste fatigue, cold, starvation. The second act is occupied with the ordeal of *Horace Parker*, which leaves him starving and in rags by the dread power of the *Messenger*. The *Messenger's* purpose is to teach the son of earth the lesson of Otherdom; and he succeeds. The third act reveals *Horace Parker* asleep in his sitting-room. The magazine he has been reading is still in his hand. He wakes up with a start to find that all his anguish has been the anguish of a dream; but he has taken the lesson to heart. The poor people he has met in his dream he brings in from a lodging-house fire, the earliest opportunity he has to show the new spirit that rules him. There is much to cause laughter in this piece, there is much to draw tears; and the beggars outside the theatre after the last act profit richly of the newly sensitized sympathies of homebound audiences.



Byron photo.

A Scene from "Hoity Toity," the New Weber-Field Burlesque.